Beaver & Gephart


# Bellefonte Republican.

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### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, September 11, 1893.

Mr. Cleveland has it in his power to end the silver debate in the Senate in twenty-four hours, but he so far has positively refused to do it. Perhaps now that Mrs. Cleveland has given birth to another girl and that mother and daughter are doing well, he may be sufficiently mollfied to consent to what will close the debate, which is admitted by all, silver and anti-silver men alike, to be doing more harm than good. His latest ultimatum, given to an administration Senator who had called on him to suggest that the compromise proposed by Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, or a similar one be adopted, was that the Vorhees repeal bill must be passed without any condition whatever. If he still maintains that attitude he may, indeed, probably will in the end see the Vorhees bill passed, but it will only be after a long and bitter struggle that will almost certainly disrupt the Democratic party. The compromise suggested is that two or three million of silver dollars be coined each month until the total shall reach $6,000,000. The suggestion is personally approved by many administration Senators, but, of course, they will not vote for it unless Mr. Cleveland says so.

The House is dragging along in a manner that indicates to all the world that it has received its orders to kill time until further orders. It is understood than an attempt is to be made in the House to stir up a bitter partisan debate over the bill to repeal the Federal election laws, the idea of the democratic leaders being that a debate will draw party lines sharply solidify the democrats in the House, and stop the threatened stampede of southern democrats to the people's party on account of the silver question. The republicans in the House will neither seek nor avoid such a debate, but they will certainly oppose, by every means at their command, the repeal of these laws, the only restraint now left upon the democrats of the South and of the large cities.

The position taken on the Chinese question by the administration is certainly a little odd. After waiting many months it now officially announces that all Chinese convicted under the Geary law will forthwith be deported, although it is perfectly well known that the funds at the disposal of the Treasury department, for this purpose, are not sufficient to pay for the deportation of one per cent of the Chinese who have made themselves liable to the law by neglecting or refusing to register. The Senators and Representatives from the Pacific coast have been constantly urging Secretary Carlisle to enforce the law, and at first they were disposed to think that it was their argument which had brought about the change. It has, however, been unofficially announced that it was because the new Chinese minister had made no move towards securing a new treaty between the two countries that the law is to be enforced. If that isn't an odd reason to publicly give for enforcing a law, one was never before given. It is as if the administration had said to the new Chinese minister: "We shall now begin the deportation of your countrymen, unless you at once submit propositions for a new treaty." Surely the ambitious composers of comic opera will not overlook such promising material.

If ex-Speaker Reed continues to cross-question and make fools of the paid attorneys of the free-traders who appear before the committee, notwithstanding the unconcealed efforts of chairman Wilson and his democratic colleagues on the committee to protect and aid them, the democrats will be mighty glad when the public hearings before the House Ways and Means committee come to an end. As at present conducted, they are a farce anyway; the committee was organized to report a free-trade tariff bill and it will do it unless the order is countermanded from its original source—the White House.

Senator Teller made one of the bitterest attacks ever made upon the press of the country, in connection with the silver question. He charged the newspapers with being mendacious in dealing with the silver question and with constantly circulating false statements, and denied that they represent the sentiment of the country on this question. He said there are no longer any great newspapers or great editors, such as Horace Greely and Henry Raymond, in this country, and that newspapers are now run like manufactories, for money only. The tone of the speech was entirely expected, and made a sensatien which has not died out yet, and is not likely to very soon, as the press of the country will probably have considerable to say in defense.

It will be sometime before the hard feeling stirred up by the angry passage of words between Senators Hale and Vorhees died out. These words of Senator Hale, which left the sharpest sting, were the following, which contain in an unmistakable intimation not at all creditable to Mr. Vorhees: "I spoke not only for myself but for other republican Senators, and no suck attack shall prevent us, whenever we see fit, from speaking freely, without being subjected to retorts of the kind which the Senators from Indiana has made, and which he will not be proud of to-morrow."

### THE TARIFF LAW AND IMPORTS.

The *Republican* of Springfield, Mass., insists that the McKinley act has proved to be a failure in one important particular—because it aimed to check importation of foreign goods, whereas imports of many manufactured articles have increased since the act went into operation. But where is the evidence that the authors of the law entertained the purpose to check importation? The free traders were unanimous, while the bill was under consideration, in insisting that it would nearly destroy our foreign trade; but no responsible protectionist expressed that opinion. The false prophets in this case are the journalists who tried to induce the people to believe that if the bill became a law we should not be able to buy from Europe; Europe consequently would not buy from us, and transatlantic commerce, therefore, would become an extinct industry.

It was apparently clear to the minds of most of the free traders that as soon as the McKinley act went into operation Americans in the importing business would put up their shutters and go into retirement, while disgusted Europeans would turn their backs upon American cotton planters and farmers, preferring nakedness and hunger to traffic with a nation so unreasonable as to refuse to swap commodities with them. But like the predictions that wool would become so dear that the American people would be compelled to wear shoddy, and that prices of all kinds would rise under the influence of the proposed tariff legislation, the prophecies of paralysis of our foreign trade have been falsified by fact.

The purpose of the tariff act was simply to [illegible] upon which European and American manufacturers should compete in this market. It was intended to forbid that an Englishman, making goods with cheap labor, should come into the country to undersell the American who makes goods for dear labor. The main object of the protective system, as expressed in any tariff act, is to permit home industry to be conducted and developed without menace from destruction by foreign competition. The authors of the McKinley act sought to repair those portions of the old tariff law which failed to perform this function. This is the reason why the act increased only a portion of the duties. The rates upon about half of the whole number of articles or group of articles were not changed at all, because they were regarded as sufficiently protective. In some casses, when the duties were thought to be in excess of the requirements of mere protection, as with duties upon structural iron, they were actually reduced by this law, which was declared to have prohibitory intentions.

The fact that imports have steadily increased under the operations of the act supplies conclusive demonstration that this theory of the purpose of the law is correct. And we may add that the concontinuous decline of the prices of imported commodities upon wich the duties were in fact raised proves, with equal conclusiveness, that Europeans and not Americans bear the burden of the higher duties.

### A BOLD ROBBERY.

It is reported that Craig Crossmire, of Milesburg, was robbed on Linn St., Bellefonte, near the residence of W. F. Reynolds, last Friday evening about half-past nine o'clock. The story is that he was in a buggy and driving towards home slowly. When opposite the alley between the grounds of Mr. Reynolds and E. M. Blanchard, Esq., a man suddenly stepped out, grabbed the horse and demanded his money or his life. The thief searched his pockets and secured twenty dollars and a gold watch and then let him go. At first he started home then turned back and notified the police. Chief Montgomery went to the scene but, of course, discovered nothing. The money Mr. Crossmire had with him is said to have belonged to a secret society. Mr. Fred Dunham was standing at the corner of Linn and Spring streets, near the Reformed church, not fifty yards away at the time this robbery occurred, but he saw nor heard anything of it; but he saw the policeman when he was brought to the place and shown the way it was done. A bright electric light was burning at corner of Linn and Allegheny streets, near the residence of Mr. Reynolds, which would throw light a long distance. If this highway robbery occurred at this place, it was a bold maneuver and very quietly and successfully done. Mr. Crossmire offers fifty dollars reward for the discovery of the party or parties who were guilty of the outrage.

### AMONG THE BOOKS.

What the Coming Man Will Read, as Inferred from What the Man of the Present Day Is Reading.

To the several familiar questions as to what the coming man will do, may be added one not familiar, but not less interesting: What will the coming man read? He is the ideal man. Before Christianity he was sought in the past. He lived in the long-gone golden age. Since Christianity he has been in the future. And he has been like to-morrow, never reached. Some bright glimpses of him are had, in Massachusetts, for instance. In other words, the idle man will do perfectly what the Massachusetts man does imperfectly. This is at least Massachusetts doctrine. Supposing it to be true, let us try to learn from the Massachusetts man what the coming man will read.

But first let us learn how the coming man will have his literary tastes supplied. The Bay State gives a hint. It has three legislatives acts, which account largely for the advance of the Massachusetts man as a reader. The first dates to 1798, and provided for the organization and management of the Social and Proprietors' libraries. In 1751 the second was passed, which authorized towns to lay taxes for establishment of libraries. In 1891 the third was passed, creating an Advisory Commission and granting aid from the general treasury for the founding of libraries in towns too small or too poor to found such for themselves. Since its appointment the Commission has been the means of furnishing 57 libraries in towns where none existed. The State is divided into 352 self-governing communities, and in 306 of these, thanks to the legislation mentioned, the people have books for home reading free of all expense. These 305 communities contain more than 97 per centum of the total population. The free libraries contain 2,750,000 volumes, and the circulation of them per annum is 5,000,000 or more than two volumes for every soul in the State. It will be only a short time until every community will be supplied with them.

The State grants aid on recommendation of the Commission, which serves without pay. The grant is limited to $100, and made on condition that the community appropriate annually a certain sum for the maintenance of the library. This sum ranges from $15 to $50, according to the community for this purpose. The minimum required is often greatly exceeded in the appropriation, and besides that, liberal individuals contribute to the maintenance fund. They have given to the libraries for books and buildings more than $6,000,000. The use of the books is free in the exact sense. Any fee, no matter how small, is considered an obstacle to the use of the books, and a serious one in view of experience had in Springfield. One year from the time the library there was made actually free the number of card holders rose from 1,1000 to more than 4,000, and the circulation from 51,000 to 154,000.

This is very much such a provision as the coming man will enjoy. What he will read may perhaps be guessed from what the Massachusetts man now reads. He will read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." That was published, in book form, in 1852, and for five years straight away sold at the average rate of 100,000 copies a year. In the British Museum there are copies of it in 17 languages, and into how many more it has been translated no one knows. Almost everything in our national life which lent especial interest to the story has passed away, and yet wherever a record is kept of the circulation of books, this one usually leads the list. He will read also "The Scarlet Letter," which has points fundamentally in common with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Both books go to the heart, for they are a protest against narrowness and cruelty, however sanctioned by appeal for justice and mercy. Next to Mrs. Stowe the coming man will remember Nathaniel Hawthorne when he seeks a story for his edification and delectation. And he will read the novels of Walter Scott. They are read now more than they ever were. This is the testimony of public library statistics, which goes against what we occasionally hear from some quarters. Whether he will read Dickens or not is a matter of dispute. These statistics say that Scott increases while Dickens decreases. A reason why, if not the reason why, may be gathered from an entertaining essay which W. H. Mallock contributed to an American review recently. The coming man will read "Ben Hur" and "Lorna Doone," likewise the works of William Black, but unless something happens he will allow "Looking Backward" and "Robert Elsmere," and more like them, to remain in the obscurity into which they have fallen after their rocket-like brilliant ascent.

It is impossible to mention all the books the coming man will read. Generally speaking, he will read works in which the deep things of science are set forth in simple language. There is a large and growing demand for these. In the future, more than in the present, science will be questioned for a solution of the mysteries which synods and councils were once supposed to have solved. It may be suspected that because of this, he will read biography, and especially autobiography, which in setting forth the trials of human life will help to explain some of these mysteries. The present man is reading these instead of the histories which his father read. The histories which they read are worked as mines of fact by the historian now. It is present, rather than past, history which the reader of to-day demands, and hence the multitude of books describing the condition of people in different countries, their manner of life, their political and social hopes and aspirations. Thanks to the splendid progress made in the art of illustration, an abundance of pictures present to the eye what the text does to the mind. The coming man will have an eye educated to the beautiful in illustration as the eye of him of the past was educated to the beautiful in binding.

### BRIGHTER FOR THE FARMER.

The "signs of the times" would indicate that there must necessarily be an increase in the prices of the leading staple farm products; wheat has reached its lowest point for forty years; other kinds of grain, owing to short crops and a more limited production, are higher in price but still comparatively low.

It is somewhat of an anomaly in farm life when wheat, corn, oats, bran, rye and hay all command about the same price, one cent per pound, and it presents a combination of surroundings which will do much to get our farmers out of some of the old ruts in which they have been traveling for years. A writer says he can well remember the time when the farmer who sold hay was considered as being on the direct road to the poor house; when the object was to feed the largest possible amount of hay and save the grain to pay interest and rent; when hay had little or no market except that furnished by nearness to some large city; when hay packing was in its infancy and it was usually sold loose and on the wagon.

But all this has changed by a constant progression, which has kept pace with improvement in other branches of agricultural life. Now the farmer knows that with prices in a certain condition he can well afford to sell hay and buy commercial fertilizers; when he may profitably sell his hay and buy oil meal, bran or western grain; when he may economically exchange his potatoes for fertilizers with which to produce corn, oats and more hay for his stock; when, in fact, it must be his constant study to use at home that which finds the least ready market, and when he knows that it is simply a question of transferring the fertility of his soil into crops and disposing of them at prices which will enable him to buy back that fertility at a profit; when, in fact, he has need of much more thought, and when the "scientific agriculture," so much despised by his father, will stand him in good service and enable him to make a profit at prices under which his father would have grown poorer and poorer every year.

To day we are met with the following combinations: A national wheat crop decreased in yield fully 200,000,000 bushels, a decreased area going in with wheat this year which must more or less effect the crop of 1894; with a corn crop cut off by drought and storms fully twenty-five per cent, and in our own State nearly one-half; with the potato crop, at least in our own State, a partial failure; with an unprecedented demand in Europe for all of our grain, and with hay being exported at prices which yield both producer and exporter a handsome profit.

With such a combination all loaded upon the one side we think that there is a brighter time ahead for the farmer who keeps his production up to its standard, and who does not decrease the area of his farm crops. Basing the calculation upon the crop of wheat alone, we can see that our shortage this year is nearly equal to our exportation last year, and that, upon the other hand with the demand, caused by the failure of much of the European crop, it would appear that there must necessarily be an advance not only in this crop but also all along the line of farm products.

The only integer to prevent the full effect of this combination is the present stagnation in labor and manufactures which may, if continued long enough, create a falling off in the demand from an inability to purchase, which may to a limited extent at least interfere with the prospective advance in prices.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

### TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

S D Ray et ux to Benj Williams. Dated October 27, 1888. For lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $50.00

Harriet Weaver and husband to Jeremiah Sharrer. Dated April 2, 1889. For 4 acres of land in Taylor township. Consideration $1000.00.

John G Love et ux to Charles K McCafferty. Dated August 24, 1893. For two messuages in Bellefonte. Consideration $1500.

George W Rumberger et al to Harry Armagast. For tract of land in Benner township. Consideration $1000. Dated August 18, 1893.

Mary Ann Miller and husband to Flora Roach. Dated December 15, 1890. For lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration $25.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to John Soltes. Dated August 17, 1893. For lot of ground in Snow Shoe township. Consideration $80.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co to George Safko. Dated August 17, 1893. For lot of ground in Snow Shoe township. Consideration $100.

Sarah Lamborn et al to Martha A Way. Dated February 25, 1893. For lot in Stormstown. Consideration $500.

John T Lucas et ux to Mary Jane Shannon. Dated April 28, 1892. For lot of ground in Moshannon. Consideration $21.

Jeremiah Hoy's Exr's to Michael Rishel. Dated April 2, 1888. For tract of land in Gregg township. Consideration $3288.72.

Mrs. Clara Mayes et al Heirs of Joseph Jones deed to Alfred Jones, Jacob Swires. Dated February 14, 1893. For lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration $400.

Clement Dale trustee to F W Weber. Dated 5, 1887. For lot of ground in Harris township. Consideration $260.

Frederick W Weber et ux to John H Weber. Dated May 11, 1892. For lot of ground in Harris township. Consideration $350.

Sarah Potter et al to Lavinia Schoonover. Dated July 2, 1892. For interest in several trrcts of land in Rush township. Consideration $500.

Thomas H Forcey et al to F B Kyler. Dated June 7, 1884. For two tracts of land in Rush township.

Cyrus Goss treasurer to Joseph Potter. Dated August 20, 1890. For 50 acres of unseated land in Rush township. Consideration $10.00.

A R Fiestal et ux to W R Williams. Dated June 30, 1890. For lot of ground in Philipsburg borough. Consideration $600.

S M Buck et ux to R P Miller. Dated July 21, 1893. For lot of ground in Spring township. Consideration $125.

Franklin Kern to Jacob Kern. Dated February 55, 1888. For the undivided ½ interest for certain land in Penn township. Consideration $125.

A M McClain et ux to Mary Snyder. Dated November 14, 1891. For lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration $40.

Maggie Mitchell and husband to W M and R L Scholl. Dated April 5, 1889, for 77 acres and 144 perches of land in Union township. Consideration $2000.

S S Miles et ux to Nancy C Spotts. Dated April 6, 1886. For premises in Port Matilda. Consideration $250.

J E Horner et ux to Jacob Swires. Dated August 19, 1893. For house and lot in Philipsburg. Consideration $2500.

Exrs of Moses Thompson to John Etters. Dated February 1, 1892. For lot of ground in College township. Consideration $21.56.

Taylor Walker et al to Potter Walker. Dated March 17, 1888. For 25 acres of land in Snow Shoe township. Nominal consideration.

Annie C Meese et al to Henry Lingle. Dated July 7, 1893. For 97 acres of land in Potter township. Consideration $700.

W R From et ux to Annie C Meese. Dated April 1, 1883. For tract of land in Potter township. Consideration $600.

Henry Royer's exrs to L B Frank. Dated March 31, 1891. For lot of ground in Rebersburg. Consideration $130.

L B Frank et ux to J W Zeigler. For premises in West Rebersburg. Consideration $1400.

Benj Corl et al to Israel Corl. Dated February 23, 1893. For undivided 6-7 of tract of land in Ferguson township. Consideration $1280.

John Curtin et al to Wm Woomer. Dated August 11, 1893. For 95 acres and 14 perches of land in Boggs township. Consideration $665.

W C Sellers to J H Weber. Dated July 23, 1885. For lot of ground in College township. Consideration $3125.

Cyrus Goss Treas, to Joseph Potter. Dated August 16, 1888. For tract of unseated land in Rush township. Consideration $23.

Cyrus Goss Treas, to Joseph Potter. Dated August 16, 1888, for tract of unseated land in Rush township. Consideration $10.

Cyrus Goss to Joseph Potter. Dated August 16, 1888. For tract of unseated land in Rush township. Consideration $9.

Reuben Richard et ux to E C Henderson. Dated August 28, 1891. For tract of land in Huston township. Consideration $400.

John C Stover et ux to Clymer H Stover. For lot of ground in Aaronsburg. Dated September 1, 1893. Consideration $100.

Henry Lingle to Wm H Lingle. Dated May 29, 1863. For tract of land in Potter township. Consideration $575.

David Dunkle to Herbert R Decker. Dated September 2, 1893. For one-fifth interest in 13 acres of land in Walker township. Consideration $600.

George Grassman admr to William Colyer. Dated February 28, 1893. For lot of ground in Potter township. Consideration $125.

Jacob Meese et ux to Joseph R McClellan. Dated February 3, 1893. For tract of timber land in Potter township. Consideration $350.

Joseph R McClellan et ux to Wm Colyer. Dated April 6, 1893. For 50 acres of timber land in Potter township. Consideration $360.

J A Rupp clerk O C to John Bubb. Dated May 16, 1893. For tract of land in Potter township. Consideration $1.00.

John Bubb et ux to Wm Colyer. Dated June 5, 1890. For lot of ground in Potter township. Consideration $300.

### WILL CONDEMN TREASON TO PARTY.

The republicans of Centre county entertain some hope this fall that the excellent ticket they have placed in the field for the various positions in our county government may meet with the approval of the electors at the coming election. Although the personal of the democratic ticket is fairly good, yet there is great dissatisfaction because the convention so sqarely disregarded the will of the rank and file as expressed at the delegate elections, and also from the fact that some of the candidates nominated were very active kickers six years ago, and by bolting the ticket then nominated secured its complete defeat; and now these traitors to the democratic party are rewarded with some of the very best positions on the ticket this fall. It has been generally conceded that if a party politician wants the suffrage of his party friends he must stand firm and true at all times, but the late convention ignored this and placed the worst traitors of six years ago on the ticket. Better it is, for the party, say some, that an honest, square-toed opponent should win, than that the party should reward treason with the emoluments of office; and, of course, this reasoning is correct. For a party that rewards treason to its discipline and principles will soon have numberless traitors to deal with. For applicants for office seeing that party feality fails of reward and that to obtain a nomination they must kick, will hasten to place themselves in that attitude. So that it would seem that the best thing the democrats of Centre county could do for future harmony and peace would be to show the traitors of six years ago that to win real success they must be loyal and true, and teach a convention, that is so lax in its choice of standard bearers, that no ticket that is stamped with the name of a single traitor shall win. Many reason that as the republicans have placed a good ticket in the field this can be done with the full assurance that the county affairs will be faithfully and honestly administrated. And this also is true, for every candidate on it, from Sheriff down, is the very best selection that could have been made—all capable and true men; all men of ability, men who, if elected, will reflect upon the constituancy that places them in power. It is not necessary for us to paticularize. Every voter in the county knows that what we say is true, and the democrats who propose to vote for them and help the republicans to elect them, are well pleased that their old opponents have given them the opportunity to punish traitors without any danger that the interest of the county will suffer by their action. So in this way the republican ticket becomes not simply the choice of a party, but the people's choice; and for once holds the enviable position of being the only ticket it is in the interest of the people to elect.

### DEATH OF JAMES A CURRY.

Last Wednesday the news reached Bellefonte that James A Curry, oldest son of John Curry, of Bellefonte, had been killed at Buffalo, New York, where he was employed as foreman in the railroad yard. It is thought he was standing on the track and his attention was taken up with another train; while watching that a train moving on the same track he was on came up behind him killing him instantly. He was 35 years of age and leaves a wife and three children. He was a devout member of the Roman Catholic church at Buffalo. His father lives on Logan Street, in this place.

# EDITORIAL TRIALS.

## A High School Graduate's Idea of a Journalist's Worries.

### The Manifold Duties and the Varied Requirements of the Man Who Runs a Paper — The Struggle for Glory.

At an English high school graduation exercises in Boston the other day, the following essay was read by William H. Blatt, aged seventeen:

"The Trials of a Journalist. A presumptuous title this, I know, but I have two arguments to offer in my defense. In the first place, a connection for several months with a paper of sufficient circulation to maintain life gives me authority to speak, and secondly, I am a living illustration of my subject, for in me you behold the supreme trial of all journalists—the individual who thinks he knows it all, and is willing to impart his information at the slightest provocation. Not that his counsels are valueless. With the proper conditions any one of them would lead a paper to success, but those conditions are an editor with twenty-five million dollars and a patient and enthusiastic public. Having noticed one of the qualities needed by an editor to endure his trials, let me consider a few other requirements of the man whom the general public pictures as a person whose chief duties are to wield the scissors and the paste brush, wear out an office chair behind a door inscribed: "This is my busy day," and hurl paper weights and curses at the printer's devil, while his only trial is to listen to the perpetrations of spring poets. In brief, the editor of a struggling paper (for that individual being the martyr of journalism I shall take him as its representative) must be a printer, proof reader, author, critic, politician, diplomat, business man, hustler, scholar, encyclopedia and—but this will do for a suggestion. Don't believe it? Let me particularize.

"As a printer he must be able to examine the proofs and see if the wily typesetter has not double leaded the matter or measured the type with a too generous rule, and he must see that the paper is produced in an artistic form; as a writer he turns out those jewels of eloquence and intellect known as editorials; as a diplomat he must devise measures to lift his paper into popularity and keep it propped up; and of course he must be a careful critic, separating the grain from the chaff of literary work. He understands the art of statesmanship, for the people expect him to untie the gordian knot of politics for them; and he must have an enormous bump of aggressiveness, for who but he must champion the people's cause? As a proof reader he reviews his paper, containing from thirty-five thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand words, from beginning to end, looking for the smallest errors, and proof reading as those who have tried it know, requires more endurance than the geometry tests from which we are about to escape.

"But I pause here, for this list has already assumed soporific proportions. To sum up, the editor must have money, experience, influence and brains, the meekness of Moses, the patience of Job and the energy of a dynamo, and when he has done his best he must bear the blame for the false reports and bad English of his reporters. The mere mention of these qualities is bad enough. But in order to appreciate them fully it is necessary for us to see them in action in the editor's sanctum, not the private office of a journalistic magnate, who can avail himself of the equivalency of time and money, but that of the editor of a paper with patent insides and a circulation of about fifty copies a week, counting exchanges.

"The life of such an unfortunate is a long and exquisite torture of bills, complaints, refusals, book agents, spring poems, indignant citizens and accidents, resulting in a perpetual headache, a rebellious digestion and an intimate acquaintance with the demon of insomnia. And the product of all the pain and trouble is only a newspaper—a worthless thing that lives for a day, like a May fly, and then is lost and forgotten, leaving to its author no fame, no reward but the price it sells for; and what sum of money, however large, is a just recompense for art! Poor unappreciated thing! Who when he reads it will think of the trials that were necessary to bring it out? Here's the news of a great fire. Who stops to think that the man who wrote that article braved danger and death to serve the public? Here's an article by the funny man. Would you laugh so loudly if you knew that the man who wrote that article was given a little more space this week so that he might earn more money to pay doctors' bills? Here's an account of an embezzler captured. You never knew the pangs that the editor felt as he read the words that ruined the name and family of his best friends.

"Let's see what sort of an editorial menu has been served up to-day. Ah! Very spicy, that. But the man who wrote it hadn't slept a night for a week and felt more like composing his will. This is the cost of our American newspaper. Is it too much, is it too little? It appeals to me as a great price for a great thing. In return for self-sacrifice and undaunted labor we have received the embodiment of energy, liberty, enterprise and originality—in a word, Americanism. I shall not enter into a eulogy of the American newspaper. You need no one to tell you what it has done. It is the educator of our common people, the inspiration of our youth, the censor of our morals. Mercenary? Yes, it is mercenary, but the articles of the nameless authors who attack and destroy public abuses, guard our liberty and serve the nation, though written for money, are quite as full of true patriotism as those bursts of eloquence in legislative halls where the reward is that food of concentrated selfishness—glory."

POR ORDINARY WEAR.

THE FIN DE SIECLE FAN.

## DEFENDING THE LAZY MAN.

### A Harmless Individual Who Is Too Often Abused by the Busybodies.

It is the custom of this world's busybodies to speak slightingly of the lazy man. This custom is due primarily perhaps to the fact that the energetic soul is ever on the lookout for objects upon which to expend its superfluous force, but it is also largely referable to the inability of the active temperament to see matters from the lazy man's point of view. This looking down upon the indolent is, after all, but a matter of convention, and no doubt if the truth were known—for the slothful mind is not given to bragging—it would be found that the lazy man has as good reason for contemning the busybody as has the busybody for pointing the finger of scorn at the lazy man. The Boston Transcript sees reasons for thinking that the indolent man is actuated by motives pure and altruistic in refraining from undue exercise of body or mind, and if he had his due the record of his virtues might ever be clothed in the most eulogistic language; for, like the lily of the valley, he toils not, neither does he spin, and there is Scripture warrant for believing that even Solomon in all his glory was never rigged out like the lazy lily.

The attributes of the inactive man, even of a negative quality, are a help and blessing to his energetic contemporaries. By refraining altogether or doing as little work as possible, he thereby creates a scarcity in the labor market, thus giving others an opportunity to earn their bread; whereas, if all the lazy men were to turn to and work, thousands now regularly employed would have nothing to do, and unprecedented misery would be the consequence. But it is not just to decide off-hand that the lazy man's attributes are negative. Very likely he aims to be what he is, a friend of humanity. He perceives undoubtedly how eager the majority of his kind is to be ever busy about something, and in the goodness of his heart and with a disinterested devotion which is deserving of the highest praise, it is fair to suppose that his only concern is to increase the happiness of those about him. He not only gives others an opportunity for physical labor by his amiable self-denial, but his persistent and consistent idleness furnishes all who know him with perennial mental exercise. His laziness gives others the means whereby they can earn a living, and it also and at the same time makes those others happy and in love with themselves by having him as a sort of antithesis, which by contrast adds force and luster to the qualities which in their self-conceit are regarded as superexcellent.

The lazy man, therefore, not only does no harm in the world, but on the contrary, does much good. This fact never will be appreciated unless the lazy men should all at once forsake their laziness and become workers. But lack of appreciation does not worry the lazy man; he is not given to worriment. In his unselfishness he is willing others should monopolize that as well as the cark and care of this world, the exercise of body and of mind.

## MEMENTOS OF SHAKESPEARE.

### A Jug and Cane Which Once Belonged to the Avon Bard.

So lamentably few and far between are the authentic relics of Shakespeare, says a London journal, that considerable interest will be aroused in the minds of all English speaking people by the recent sale at Christie's of two apparently genuine mementos of the poets of all time. One is described as "Shakespeare's jug." It is of cream-colored earthenware, nine inches high and sixteen inches round the largest part, and is somewhat in the shape of a modern coffee pot. It is divided longitudinally into eight compartments, each horizontally subdivided; and within these subdivisions the principal deities of the heathen mythology are represented in rather bold relief. It is stated that at the beginning of the present century a silver top and edging were added, with a small medallion of the poet, inscribed "William Shakespeare at the age of forty." Accompanying the jug is a Malacca cane in beautiful preservation, four feet seven and a half inches in length. These two articles, it is declared, were bequeathed by the poet to his sister Joan, who married Mr. Hart; and the relics remained in possession of the family until the first years of the nineteenth century. No doubt an accurately verified pedigree exists of the changes of hands, if any, which these objects have undergone since they have passed out of the keeping of the Hart family or their descendants. The bidding for the two articles started at the small sum of five guineas, and the bids gradually advanced to one hundred and fifty-five guineas, at which certainly not inflated price the jug and the Malacca cane were knocked down. Assuming the trustworthiness of the pedigree, the production of which would be absolutely indispensable, it would be difficult to maintain that the jug and the stick did not belong to the Swan of Avon; and there is, besides, a tolerably strong body of extraneous evidence which might be quoted to prove that the jug, at all events, is authentic.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

## A Man With A Baby Face.

BY WILLIAM A. M'CLEAN.

"Jimmy Ellis is indeed a funny boy," laughed Julia Costello to a friend.

"They say he is head over heels in love with you—follows you, is to be found somewhere near you most of the time. They tell me you have completely bewitched the boy," rejoined the friend.

"I must confess he seems to act very foolishly. No matter what I do or say, or ignore him, I can't scare him away. I have never done the slightest thing to encourage him," Julia soberly replied.

"What's the matter with the boy, then, that he hangs around you so much?" the friends asked.

"I don't know," Julia slowly said, and added in a wistful manner, "I wonder whether Jimmy will ever be a man—will ever look like a man."

"He's a pretty boy, anyhow," laughed the friend.

"Pretty as a baby," said Julia, joining in the laugh.

The subject of this conversation was not a boy, but a man of thirty years. A man full in stature, yet with the expressionless face of a baby. It was round and full. The skin was of a soft pink color, with a tinge of darker color in the cheeks. The eyes were large and of a light blue, and opened in an innocent surprise when their owner was spoken to. He had a little chubby nose and a small mouth. There were no lines or shadows on his face.

He was a pretty man; so pretty that his face was repulsive to man and to womankind. There was nothing about the face to counteract the seemingly expressionless vacuity there. Strangers continually asked "Who is the man with the baby face?" The reply was always "Jimmy Ellis." The man James Ellis was swallowed up in the boy Jimmy.

Another characteristic heightened the effect of his boyishness. His voice was pitched an octave thigher than is usual in men. He spoke in a light, chattering tone that went off into a screech. He talked and laughed like a woman. All his male associates as he became older grew away from him, deriding the man with a baby face and a woman's voice. Womankind seemed ever to be making sport of him.

James Ellis was extremely sensitive in respect to these characteristics. He was conscious of the fun and sport others were having at his expense. In consequence he gave humanity a wide berth. While he did so, he hated that big baby face of his. It made life miserable to him. It angered him at times to hear his own voice. He had in vain tried to coax a growth of whiskers to hide the face. A tuft of yellow hair here and there was all that made its appearance. In despair he had given up any further attempts in this direction.

Notwithstanding these outward signs, James Ellis was a man of true, honest, and honorable instincts and aspirations. He delighted in the pleasures of a robust manhood. He was an all-round athlete. There was not a better horseback-rider in the town in which he lived. His mother had died when he was a child. His father died when he reached his majority, leaving him a home in the Pennsylvania town of B—and two farms lying near the village. An aunt had been installed as housekeeped over the home.

James Ellis was a better manager of the farms than his father had been before him. He gave them his constant attention. There was no part of the work on the farm he could not do. Those under him knew what would be expected from them. James Ellis not only knew how to manage the farms better than his father, but knew how to live and enjoy life and that which he made, better.

There was not a better library in the town than his; he had collected it himself. He was a lover of art. James Ellis was a talented man. His large hunting-dog heard many a soliloquy that for originality and brightness would have rivaled the mental calibre of by far the greater number of his fellow-townsmen.

James Ellis's life had been, however, a failure, as he looked at it—an unhappy failure—a miserable existence, caused by a baby face and a woman's voice.

His greatest happiness, and at the same time his greatest unhappiness, was his love for Julia Costello. He was not content unless near her. He worshipped her. It was the love of a strong man; the only love of a lonely life. He had known her from childhood, and had always loved her. He loved her because he could not conceive how life could be complete without her. Because he believed that with woman—the best gift to man—this woman, could he alone reach the great blessings of existence—home, love, happiness. He was miserable because he had been and was no more to Julia than "Jimmy." He felt that, with his baby face and woman's voice, he had failed to awaken the chords of love, to sound the depths of her heart. She liked him, respected him, but he was only "Jimmy," her boy playmate.

Shortly after the conversation between Julia and her friend, James Ellis succeeded in gaining a long-looked-for opportunity. Taking Julia's hand in his, he said in his squeaky voice:

"Julia, darling, I love you, I love you. This love is the sweetest, the only thing on earth that makes life worth the living to me. Be mine. Love me—marry me."

Julia could not help seeing the ridiculous in the voice, in the face, and interrupted him several times as he spoke, saying:

"Oh, don't Jimmy! Don't, Jimmy!" Silence ensued. He began again:

"Won't you give me your answer? Can't you love me?"

Oh, don't! Oh, don't Jimmy!" Julia again pleaded.

"Can I hope? Tell me something," James Ellis urged.

"I hardly know what to say," Julia answered. "I have never thought of such a thing as you have now spoken of. It seems funny. You seem but the boy I played with yet. I hardly know whether to bid you to hope or not to hope. I might answer better in a month."

"I'll wait the month," the man readily said.

"Make it two months."

"Well, let it be two, then."

"Four months might be better yet,"

"Make it, dear, just as you will. I am content if only in the end you will be mine."

So it was decided that at the end of four months she would give her answer, yes or no, to his suit, or whether he might hope or whether it was hopeless. This was February—June might witness the making of one life or it might not.

While James Ellis was content to wait, he was not hopeful. He was only "Jimmy" to Julia. Jimmy, the boy—the playmate with the pretty face and a woman's voice. Julia wished a man for her husband, representative of manhood and strength. He feared the decision. The time crept on fast; weeks had flown, a month passed. There was no change in Julia's feelings that he could detect.

It was in the latter part of March that, in the dead of night, a fire-alarm was sounded. Men sprang from their beds, jumped into their clothes. It was a country town in which every man and many women were needed to fight the dread fiend. It was soon discovered that a weather-boarded dwelling-house had taken fire at the roof. When the crowd reached the house the top of it was wrapped in flames. James Ellis was among the first on the ground. It was thought that every soul had left the house. There was a terrible scream. In the second story room, by the blaze of the fire, could be seen a woman.

The blood froze in the men's faces as they looked at the awful scene. They looked at each other, then back at the woman. Who would make a move to save her? Like a flash James Ellis rushed toward the house, kicked open the door, disappeared, fought his way through the smoke and heat in the second story until he reached the woman. He dashed out a window and helped her to the ladder that had been raised.

As the crowd watched James Ellis disappeared. Another second and there was a fall of heavy timber into the house; a column of sparks went upward. Seconds passed. The fire was making headway rapidly. James Ellis had not appeared. At last anxious watchers crept into the house and came upon the body of Ellis lying at the bottom of the stairs. He had been knocked down by the falling timber. The fire had not reached the place where he was lying.

He was tenderly picked up, carried out of the house and to his home. The falling timber had struck him in the face, cutting and tearing great gashes the whole length. The hot embers of the wood had burned great red blotches along the wound.

It was only after weeks of careful nursing by the faithful aunt that James Ellis was pronounced well. He had recovered from the wound to fall into a fever. It was June when the doctor told him he had done all he could for him, that it was for him now to grow in strength. It was not until that time that James fully realized that a great change had taken place.

"Jimmy" with the baby face was a thing of the past. There was an ugly scar on the forehead, another on the chin and one on the cheek. There were red patches where he had been burned. He was no longer pretty. He was ugly, yet not repulsively so—no uglier than many other men. With the fever had also gone the woman's voice. It was now like that of other men

It was four months since that day in February that he decided to venture out. He waited until it was dusk. Then he made his way to the home of Julia. He was ushered into the parlor, where a half-light burned. In a moment Julia came, coming quickly to see her "Jimmy"—the much-talked of and admired hero of the night of the fire—and to congratulate him on his recovery. She reached up to him, and taking his outstretched hand, exclaimed:

"Oh, Jim—" stopping, startled as she looked in his face, then stammering, continued: "Beg—pardon—Mr. Ellis—I'm so glad to see you!"

The man was surprised into formality. "Mr. Ellis!" Julia had never addressed him thus before. What did it mean?

As the evening passed they talked of the events of the past months. As he spoke in that low, tender, pleasing, manly voice, Julia listened enraptured. There were chords in her being that were touched, and responded as they had never done before. There was something in her being that went out to the man—the sacred hero. At last, in low, passionate tones he pleaded:

"Julia, darling, I have come for the answer promised, that can make life the sweetest thing on earth to me. I have come now to know whether I dare hope for happiness. I'm disfigured now—ugly, but I love you—love you, if possible, more than I ever have. Can you love me?"

As he held her in his arms, Julia, tenderly caressing the scars with the tips of her fingers, whispered.

"These don't disfigure you, dear. You are not ugly to me."—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

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## WORK WANTED NOT CHARITY.

Several days ago a speaker at a labor meeting at Brooklyn N. J. very pertinently said: "We want an opportunity for education, for work and for the exercise of the privileges of American citizenship. We do not want bread as charity. We want work as justice."

Here we have the true American sentiments. The policy of protection advocated by republicans has for nearly a generation given the American workingman better pay, better houses, better food, better clothing, better facilities for education and better opportunity to get along in the world than the wage earner can boast of in any country on the face of the globe. He has had work as justice. Because he was a citizen of this country and entitled to the privileges accorded those who live under the advantages of the Republic, the public schools have given the children of the workingman equal chance for education with those of the well to do and wealthy. Under this policy of protection to the American home this prosperity would have continued.

The free trade or British idea means low wages and the poorhouse or public charity in old age. This is an accepted fact. Hundreds of thousands of workingmen in London and the larger cities calmly look forward to ending their days in the "house," as it is popularly termed. The expression of this idea in the United States may be found in the fact that the two leading free trade journals of New York City, instead of attempting to turn the tide of distress among the working classes by insisting that the tariff shall be let alone, are respectively [illegible] Congress to establish soup kitchens for distributing bread to the needy poor. Out with such methods, The Republican says. Independent, self respecting American workingmen want work and wages, not free soup and free bread.

## THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

Jamaica has perhaps made greater strides in the way of progress than any of England's smaller colonies during the past 25 years and has some right now to call herself "the Queen of the Antilles." Among the evidences of improvement may be cited the hotels which have sprung up in the island, for the building of one of which £24,000 was expended. Then the Americans are laying lines of railway through the best part of the island, and the fruit cultivation is now as productive as that of sugar, while the price of land has risen enormously. Carlyle's shade would be astonished to hear that the once thriftless blacks have managed to put by nearly £500,000 in their savings banks.—London World.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

A YOUNG GIRL'S FORTUNE.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and are positive but for an invaluable remedy she would have had that terrible affliction. We had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last August she weighed but 75 pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 108 pounds; her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus dance are entirely gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

When my brother recommended the remedy I had no faith in patent medicines, and would not listen to him, but as a last resort he sent us a bottle, we began giving it to Blanche, and the effect was almost immediate."—Mrs. R. R. Bullock, Brighton, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

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The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood-purifier,

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Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist Nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses

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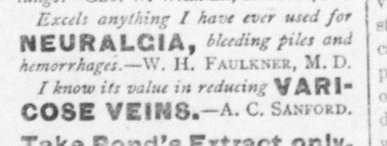


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## WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1893.

The general revival of financial interests foreshadowed in our advices of the last two weeks has arrived. There no longer exists a money crisis. The city banks were, at the close of last week, actually above the legal limit of reserves (although the week's *averages* showed a slight deficiency), and during the past week they have made a further gain of currency in their exchanges with the interior. They therefore no longer suffer from the restraints of the reserve laws, and are on the way towards further large accumulations of money. Putting together the imports of gold, the new issues of bank notes and the issues of United States notes against silver purchases, the country must now have some $75,000,000 more currency than it had at the beginning of the depression. The hoarding by private persons, by country banks and by savings banks had prevented this accumulation from affording any relief. Now, however, the hoarders have recovered, or are recovering, confidence and are converting their cash into investments or depositing it in bank, and this large amount of money is naturally flowing into its accustomed channels and depositories. We have therefore now reached a stage that always follows periods of great stringency, at which the previously unavailable money flows into the custody of the banks and becomes available for general use. The stringency produces a contraction of business; that contraction diminishes the amount of money needed; and there is then a redundancy of circulation. In this case, the redundancy will be all the greater from the fact that the gold imports and the new issues of bank notes are to a large extent a special increment. These facts indicate that we are now drifting with some rapidity towards an unusual glut of money. The first essential of a general revival of business is thus secured, and by a process which, because it is natural may be depended upon.

Up to this point, however, the recovery of confidence in general business is behind that which has occured in banking and financial circles. It is not to be expected that it should keep equal pace. For the disturbance of credit among merchants has been more extensive than that which has been experienced in Wall Street, and the machinery of trade moves more slowly than that of finance; the trader moreover always has to wait for the readiness of the banker. The restoration of general business, however, cannot be much longer delayed. Already, the beginnings of improvement are apparent in all the leading branches of trade. There are more buyers in the markets, and although they are making inquiries more than contracts, it is evident that they are in need of considerable replenishments of their stocks. It is many years since stocks of merchandise have been so light as at present; and this applies equally to the retailer, the jobber, the manufacturer and the importer. The shock of the last three months of depression has been too severe to admit of an immediate average demand from consumers; but it is safe to assume that the reduced abiltty to buy is not at all proportioned to the lowness of stocks. For a large portion of the last three months, the production of many kinds of manufactured goods has been reduced by one-half, and as a rule stocks in first hands probably do not exceed one month's consumption. As against this condition of supplies we have to set off a large accumulation of deferred wants and postponed buying together with a restored ability to buy. The nature of the depression has been rather a temporary impairment of the instruments of buying than a destruction of the real ability to buy. Credit has been suspended, not from insolvency but from a transient monetary disturbance. The monetary crisis having been virtually overcome, credit revives, and the ability to buy and replenish stocks is restored. The actual buying capacity of the country has not been impaired at all proportionately to the extent of the depression; and therefore the condition is not at all comparable with that which follows a crisis due to over-trading, speculation, inflation and an extensive prevalence of insolvency. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to expect that, when merchants have recovered a little more from the late acute shock, a brisk revival of business will set in, and possibly with some recovery in prices from from their present low level. The recovery is not to be expected to amount to a full resumption of the prosperous activity that existed before the crisis; but it is not too much to hope that it may prove much quicker and more complete than that which usually follows periods of panic.

Mercantile credits now have the backing of the banks. The New England banks are taking considerable amounts of gilt-edge paper; and the city banks are in the market for the better class of names at 7 per cent. The resumption of discounting means the resumption of trade. Naturally, the prospect of an early reduction of tariff duties is calculated to keep the production of manufactures close to the demand. This sort of preparation however has, from other causes, already gone as far as is needful in order to meet the tariff changes; and all that is required to keep the markets in a fairly healthy condition is to see to it that production is kept well within the limits of a moderate normal demand; which, with the prevailing caution among manufacturers, may be safely calculated upon. The pangs of preparation for the new tariff having already been virtually endured, the only remaining question to cause much concern is as to the extent of the reductions of duty. As to this, there is reason to hope that the Administration may favor a more moderate policy than might have been attempted under other circumstances.

The final repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Act is now generally taken for granted that the silver question no longer causes any serious apprehension. Congress, however, shows such a decided disposition to reshape our currency system that there can be little doubt that, when the Senate has given its vote against silver purchases, the problem of amending our bank note system will receive earnest consideration. The decidedly preponderant opinion of Congress seems to favor bank circulation as the chief future dependence of the country for its retail uses. Some notable changes of opinion from old methods of regulating and protecting bank issues appear to be coming over the minds of Congressmen; and fortunately they are of a character which, while calculated to afford greater elasticity in the direction of both expansion and contraction, would yet make them secure against default. A bank note system which, while providing absolute security for the issues, would yet make the volume responsive to the constantly fluctuating wants of the seasons and of the country would be an invaluable contribution towards the stability of the money market and of values; and there seems to be some reason for hoping for that boon.

Wall Street has expressed its interpretation of these improving aspects in the condition of affairs by an active buying movement and a general rise in prices. Buyers of ample means have taken up large amounts of railroad stocks, which are not likely to be realized upon until a much further advance in values has occurred. Speculators in the foreign markets have done some dealing to pocket profits, but the investment demand from that source continues. Naturally, after such an important rise in prices, there has been some realizing by speculators; but the spirit and strength of the market indicate that the upward movement has not yet spent its force, and we therefore recommend buying of good stocks on all spasmodic declines.

HENRY CLEWS.

## A WAIL FROM THE SOLID DEMOCRATIC SOUTH OVER THE RESULT OF SOLID DEMOCRATIC TIMES.

They Appeal to the Legislature to Tide Them Over.

COLUMBUS, S. C., Sept.—The farmers are becoming alarmed at the likelihood of having to market their cotton at present prices, and to-day the Mechanicsville Alliance unanimously adopted the following:

Whereas, the money sharks and gold bugs have contracted the volume of money so that there is practically no money in the country to move the cotton crop, and whereas congress does not seem to intend to give us necessary relief in time to save us from bankruptcy, therefore be it resolved:

First, that we earnestly appeal to the governor of South Carolina to call an extra session of the legislature, not later than Sept. 15, to pass a stay law on all debts falling due on or before Nov. 15, so that we may be enabled to pay our debts without bankrupting ourselves and starving our wives and children.

Second, that under our present condition there is no way whereby we can meet our demands for money to pay our debts without sacrificing our homes and property, which we do not propose to be forced to do. Take our lives, but do not starve our wives and children.

By this it would seem that all they ask is that the lives of their wives and children may be saved. But for themselves no doubt they are willing to die in the last Democratic ditch.

## PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Are ahead of them all, chiefly among them is the display of pure liquors manufactured in the state. It is conceded that no rye whiskies made in the world can equal those made in Pennsylvania, more especially Silver Age, Duquense or Bear Creek. These three brands head the list of pure Ryes, and are so well known that every reputable dealer sells them. North East, South and West they lead all others, because they are pure; because they are reliable, and because they are stimulants that strengthen and invigorate. They are sold at prices wfthin the reach of all, and are sold upon their merits for purity and strength. Silver Age, $1.50; Duquense, $1.25; Bear Creek, $1.00, full standard quarts. Ask your dealer for them; insist on having them, and if you cannot be supplied, send to Max Klein, Allegheny, Pa. Price list of all liquors sent on application. All goods packed neatly and securely.

MAX KLEIN, Allegheny, Pa.
S. Schloss, Williamsport, Pa., Agent.

## INCREASED DUTY ON SUGAR.

While prating about the reduction of "tariff taxes" about the first thing the Democratic party will do is to take sugar off the free list and make it dutiable again. The Republicans gave the American work man first free tea and coffee and then free sugar. In short, a free breakfast table, a luxury, by the way, way, that British workman has never enjoyed under the benign influence of free trade. The shaky condition of the revenues, with an alarming deficit to provide for, will make it doubly difficult to reduce the tariff and increase the revenue at the same time. The general prosperity was so great when sugar was made free that The Republican contends, the masses of the people never appreciated the benefits of the measure. When sugar is restored to the dutiable list and the cost increased for home competition amounts to little or nothing every household will realize the difference, especially in these times of low wages and lack of employment.

## THE DEATH STRKE.

"Twas the sunny Syrian sea
off the coast of Tripoli
And the ironclads of England were at play;
While their mimic thunder rent,
With its roar the firmament,
As they tacked and they maneuvred in the bay;
For our navy is in pride
Of that sea without a tide,
And our home is on the deep amid the spray,

Something terrible amiss
In a moment! That or this,
Man or mechanism? Well I do not know
On the gallant flagship came,
Quick as stroke of lightning flame
Or the giant rush of temptest, such a blow.
That, her harness rent, she bowed;
And a mighty iron shroud,
With her Admiral and crew she sank below

Do you deem they should have died
On a fierce and reddened tide.
In the fury and the glory of the fight?
With the ensign shot to rags
And with striking of the flags
Of the foemen on the left and on the right
With brave rescue from the wreck,
And wild cheering on the deck,
That Britannia had not parted with her might?

Be such glory what it may,
Yet I venture still to say
That these shall not lose their guerdon or their fame,
Though they died without a blow;
Well, the Highest—died He so;
And our land shall shrine their memory and their name;
N or the man who, in the host,
Is death stricken at his post.
"It is finished" may triumphantly exclaim!

There is grief for me and you,
But for Tyron and his crew
Happy future as was honor in the past;
Though the Admiral no more
May hear wind or water roar,
Though his sailors cannot, battle with the b'ast
For, the Pilot of all seas,
He will welcome souls like these,
And shall guide them to fair haven—land at last:

—London Athenæum

## WHISKY A DANGEROUS MEDICINE.

It Should Not be Given to Infants, Says the Prohibition Park Association.

*New York Herald.*

The National Prohibition Park Association of Staten Island adopted the following:

*Resolved*, That we renew our protest against the action of the New York Board of Health in publishing among its directions to parents: "On the hottest days a few drops of whisky may be added to the water or food (of infants), the whisky not to exceed a teaspoonful in 24 hours."

We believe that this direction is exceedingly dangerous to the health and morals of the rising generation, and we most earnestly ask that it be publicly withdrawn.

William T. Wardwell, treasurer of the Standard Oil Company, offered the resolution. The protest, of which this is a renewal, was forwarded to the New York Board of Health two weeks ago by the Rev. I. K. Funk, editor of the Voice, the Prohibition party organ. According to Mr. Funk, the board made no official recognition of the resolution, but replied through the newspapers announcing that Dr. Mcreau Morris fathered the direction. This was denied by Dr. Morris, who called attention to the fact that it had been in the circular since 1884.

The Rev. Mr. Funk before the adoption of the Wardwell resolution submitted opinions from medical authorities in this country and in London on the danger of ignorant persons administering alcohol as a remedy. Mrs. Lucy S. Bainbridge, Superintendent of the Women's Branch of the New York Mission and Tract Society, wrote to Dr. Funk: "My trained nurses are constantly finding that little ones are being fed whisky and beer, and that even babies are craving the stuff.

—There is at present much disaffection among the miners throughout the Clearfield coal regions. The miners are fighting among themselves over a disruption in the association of United Mine Workers of America, and then they are fighting also over the monthly pay day question. Some two hundred of the miners want to accept the monthly pay for four months, while all the others, some two thousand or over, are fighting against it. The trip driver at Troy mine was shot at several times last Friday and he now makes his trips under the protection of a detective.


*"Female Sufferers,—*

"Hear me.

"Many times I wished I was dead before I took *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.*

"I was discouraged, broken-hearted. I was so ill with female trouble I could not walk or stand, and had to be assisted to my feet when arising from a chair. My head whirled, and back ached, but worst of all was that awful crowding-down feeling in my abdomen.

"A friend told me of the Vegetable Compound; her faith won mine, and now I am well, Oh! how can I return thanks to Mrs. Pinkham!

"Every woman troubled with uterus or womb troubles can be cured, for it cured me, and will them."—Mrs. Kerhaugh, Juniata St., Nicetown, Pa.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

I KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful as it is pleasant. Try it.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

DR. THEEL,

538 North Fourth St., below Green, Philadelphia (EIN DEUTSCHER ARZT). After the self-styled great and famous specialists, the hospital and college professors and family physicians, and the different Quacks with their most wonderful discoveries have failed to cure you of Syphilis, Blood Poison, Scrofula, Strictures, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Discharges, Boils, Swellings, Loss of Power and Decay, the Effects of Indiscretion, Debility, want of Confidence, Night Dreams, Shrunken Organs, Piles, Lost Manhood, Hydrocele, Rupture, CATARRH, then consult DR. THEEL, or send five 2-ct. stamps for book "*Truth*," exposing every form of quackery in medicine. Hours: Daily, 9 to 2; ev'gs, 6 to 8; Wed. and Sat. ev'gs, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12; afternoon, 2 to 8. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Relief at once. Write or call. Utmost secrecy guaranteed. The best-equipped offices in America. AVOID home-cure swindle and free consultation and guarantees and cheap poisonous treatment; they are dangerous and misleading, and ruin thousands. Write or call.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON D. C.


## RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | Westward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| LOCK HAVEN | | 4 40 | 9 25 | 4 15 |
| Flemington—f | 1.8 | 4 43 | 9 29 | 4 18 |
| Mill Hall | 3.0 | 4 46 | 9 31 | 4 21 |
| Beech Creek | 8.3 | 4 56 | 9 42 | 4 33 |
| Eagleville—f | 9.9 | 4 59 | 9 45 | 4 45 |
| Howard | 14.5 | 5 07 | 9 54 | 4 50 |
| Mt. Eagle—f | 17.7 | 5 14 | 10 02 | 4 57 |
| Curtin | 19.9 | 5 18 | 10 09 | 5 05 |
| Milesburg | 23.5 | 5 25 | 10 18 | 5 15 |
| BELLEFONTE | 25.2 | 5 35 | 10 28 | 5 25 |
| Milesburg | 25.5 | 5 45 | 10 38 | 5 38 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 24.8 | 5 48 | 10 43 | 5 43 |
| Unionville | 28.5 | 5 55 | 10 51 | 5 |
| Julian | 32.9 | 6 05 | 11 00 | 5 |
| Martha | 37.0 | 6 13 | 11 09 | 5 |
| Port Matilda | 40.4 | 6 21 | 11 17 | 6 |
| Hannah—f | 43.7 | 6 28 | 11 25 | 6 |
| Fowler—f | 45.0 | 6 30 | 11 29 | 6 |
| Dix—f | 46.5 | 6 32 | 11 32 | 6 |
| Bald Eagle | 49.3 | 6 38 | 11 35 | 6 |
| Vail | 51.2 | 6 42 | 11 43 | 6 |
| East Tyrone | 53.0 | 6 45 | 11 45 | 6 |
| TYRONE | 54.3 | 6 52 | 11 56 | 6 |

| STATIONS | Dis | A.M | Eastward P. M. | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| TYRONE | | 8 10 | 3 10 | 7 25 |
| East Tyrone | 1.3 | 8 17 | 3 17 | 7 32 |
| Vail | 3.1 | 8 20 | 3 20 | 7 35 |
| Bald Eagle | 5.0 | 8 25 | 3 24 | 7 39 |
| Dix—f | 8.0 | 8 30 | 3 30 | 7 45 |
| Fowler—f | 9.3 | 8 32 | 3 33 | 7 48 |
| Hannah—f | 10.6 | 8 36 | 3 37 | 7 52 |
| Port Matilda | 13.9 | 8 43 | 3 44 | 7 59 |
| Martha | 17.3 | 8 51 | 3 52 | 8 07 |
| Julian | 21.4 | 8 59 | 4 01 | 8 16 |
| Unionville | 25.8 | 9 10 | 4 10 | 8 25 |
| Snow Shoe Int | 29.5 | 9 18 | 4 17 | 8 32 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 22 | 4 20 | 8 35 |
| BELLEFONTE | 33.5 | 9 32 | 4 30 | 8 45 |
| Milesburg | 30.8 | 9 47 | 4 40 | 9 00 |
| Curtin | 34.4 | 9 56 | 4 46 | 9 07 |
| Mt Eagle—f | 36.6 | 10 02 | 4 50 | 9 15 |
| Howard | 35.8 | 10 09 | 4 57 | 9 22 |
| Eagleville—f | 44.4 | 10 17 | 5 15 | 9 39 |
| Beech Creek | 45.0 | 10 20 | 5 08 | 9 33 |
| Mill Hall | 51.3 | 10 31 | 5 19 | 9 44 |
| Flemington | 52.5 | 10 34 | 5 24 | 9 47 |
| LOCK HAVEN | 54.3 | 10 37 | 5 25 | 9 50 |

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

| Westward Dis. P.M | A.M | Stations | Dis. | Eastward A.M | P.M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 50 | 10 00 | SCOTIA | 25.6 | 9 21 | 4 40 |
| 5 05 | 10 18 | 5.3 Fairbrook | 20.3 | 9 09 | 4 25 |
| 5 15 | 10 28 | 8.7 Penna. Furnace | 16.9 | 8 56 | 4 15 |
| 5 21 | 10 34 | 10.6 Hostler f | 15.0 | 8 50 | 4 08 |
| 5 26 | 10 46 | 12.3 Marengo f | 13.3 | 8 43 | 4 01 |
| 5 32 | 10 52 | 13.5 Loverille f | 12.1 | 8 37 | 3 55 |
| 5 39 | 10 58 | 15.2 Furnace Road f | 10.4 | 8 31 | 3 49 |
| 5 43 | 11 02 | 15.8 Dungarvin f | 9.8 | 8 27 | 3 45 |
| 5 53 | 11 10 | 18.2 Warriors Mark | 7.4 | 8 19 | 3 38 |
| 6 03 | 11 20 | 20.5 Pennington | 5.1 | 8 10 | 3 30 |
| 6 15 | 11 32 | 23.5 Stover | 2.1 | 7 58 | 3 10 |
| 6 25 | 11 40 | 25.6 TYRONE | | 7 50 | 3 18 |

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.59 p m.
Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

| Dis. | Westward a.m. | p.m. | | Eastward a.m. | a.m. | p.m |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| .0 | 5.49 | 2.00 | MONTANDON | 5.30 | 9.10 | 4 55 |
| 1.5 | 5.15 | 2.08 | Ar. LEWISBURG Lv | 5.20 | 9.00 | 4 47 |
| 1.5 | 6.15 | 2.08 | Lv. LEWISBURG Ar | | 9.00 | 4 47 |
| 5.4 | 6.23 | 2.17 | Biehl f | | 8.52 | 4.39 |
| 6.8 | 6.28 | 2.22 | Vicksburg f | | 8.47 | 4.35 |
| 10.7 | 6.37 | 2.31 | MIFFLINBURG | | 8.38 | 4.27 |
| 13.1 | 6.42 | 2.36 | Barber f | | 8.33 | 4.22 |
| 15.2 | 6.47 | 3.41 | Swengle f | | 8.27 | 4.17 |
| 16.1 | 7.50 | 3.43 | Millmont | | 8.25 | 4.15 |
| 18.6 | 7.58 | 3.51 | GLEN IRON | | 8.17 | 4.07 |
| 23.5 | 7.07 | 3.00 | Pardee f | | 8.08 | 3.59 |
| 28.9 | 7.18 | 3.11 | Cherry Run f | | 7.57 | 3.48 |
| 32.2 | 7.27 | 3.20 | Paddy Mt. Tunnel f | | 7.48 | 3.40 |
| 33.9 | 7.31 | 3.23 | Ingleby f | | 7.45 | 3.37 |
| 36.6 | 7.38 | 3.30 | Coburn | | 7.38 | 3.30 |
| 38.6 | 7.45 | 3.37 | Zerby f | | 7.30 | 3.23 |
| 42.4 | 7.55 | 3.47 | Rising Springs | | 7.21 | 3.14 |
| 46.2 | 8.02 | 3.53 | Penn's Cave f | | 7.14 | 3.07 |
| 49.2 | 8.09 | 4.01 | CENTRE HALL | | 7.06 | 3.01 |
| 51.6 | 8.16 | 4.07 | Gregg f | | 7.00 | 2.54 |
| 54.6 | 8.23 | 4.13 | Linden Hall | | 6.52 | 2.47 |
| 56.7 | 8.28 | 4.18 | OAK HALL | | 6.47 | 2.42 |
| 58.8 | 8.32 | 4.22 | LEMONT | | 6.43 | 2.37 |
| 60.2 | 8.37 | 4.27 | Dale Summit f | | 6.38 | 2.33 |
| 62.9 | 8.47 | 4.37 | Pleasant Gap f | | 6.28 | 2.23 |
| 65.2 | 8.56 | 4.46 | Axeman f | | 6.25 | 2.20 |
| 67.4 | 8.55 | 4.45 | BELLEFONTE | | 6.28 | 2.15 |

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Ass't Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

| EASTWARD 12 | 10 | 8 | 1 | 2 | | 1 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 11 WESTWARD |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| pm | pm | pm | am | am | Ar——Lv | am | am | am | pm | pm |
| 6 35 | | 5 50 | | 9 05 | Bellefont | 6 30 | | 10 30 | | 4 40 |
| 6 28 | | 3 44 | | 8 59 | Coleville | 6 37 | | 10 35 | | 4 45 |
| 6 25 | | 3 41 | | 8 56 | Morris | 6 40 | | 10 38 | | 4 48 |
| 6 22 | | 3 38 | | 8 52 | Whitmer | 6 44 | | 10 43 | | 4 51 |
| 6 19 | | 3 35 | | 8 49 | Linns | 6 47 | | 10 46 | | 4 54 |
| 6 17 | | 3 33 | | 8 47 | Hunters | 6 50 | | 10 48 | | 4 56 |
| 6 14 | | 3 31 | | 8 44 | Filmore | 6 53 | | 10 52 | | 5 00 |
| 6 11 | | 3 28 | | 8 40 | Sellers | 6 57 | | 10 56 | | 5 03 |
| 6 09 | | 3 26 | | 8 38 | Briarly | 7 00 | | 10 58 | | 5 05 |
| 6 05 | 6 00 | 3 23 | 8 28 | 8 36 | Waddle | 7 05 | 7 10 | 11 01 | 5 10 | 5 10 |
| 6 02 | 5 50 | 3 20 | 8 20 | 8 30 | Mattern J | 7 08 | 7 14 | 11 03 | 5 13 | 5 12 |
| | 5 46 | | 8 17 | | Graysdale | 7 19 | | 5 16 | | |
| | 5 43 | | 8 12 | | Mattern | 7 24 | | 5 20 | | |
| | 5 40 | | 8 05 | | Stormstown | 7 20 | | 5 23 | | |
| | 5 35 | | 8 00 | | Red Bank | 7 35 | | 5 30 | | |
| 5 51 | | 3 08 | | 8 18 | Krumr'ne | 7 21 | | 11 13 | | 5 24 |
| 5 48 | | 3 05 | | 8 14 | Struble | 7 24 | | 11 17 | | 5 27 |
| 5 45 | | 3 00 | | 8 10 | St. College | 7 30 | | 11 20 | | 5 30 |

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

| | WESTWARD. | |
|---|---|---|
| ERIE MAIL | leaves Phila daily | 11 20 p m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 3 33 a m |
| " | " Williamsport " | 7 10 a m |
| " | " Jersey Shore " | 7 31 a m |
| " | " Lock Haven " | 7 55 a m |
| " | " Renovo " | 8 55 a m |
| " | arrives Erie " | 3 40 p m |
| NIAGRA EX. | l'ves Philadelphia week d'ys | 8 50 a m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 12 10 p m |
| " | arrives at Wmsport " | 3 00 p m |
| " | " Lock Haven " | 4 10 p m |
| " | " Renovo " | 5 15 p m |
| " | " Kane " | 9 20 p m |
| Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at | | 5 15 p m |
| FAST LINE | leaves Phila. week days | 11 40 a m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 3 45 p m |
| " | " Williamsport " | 7 10 p m |
| " | arrives at Lock Haven " | 7 30 p m |
| " | " Renovo " | 9 00 p m |
| NEWS EX. | l'ves Philadelphia daily | 4 30 a m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 8 10 a m |
| " | " Williamsport " | 11 20 a m |
| " | " arrives at Lock Haven " | 12 15 p m |
| Wms'port Ex. | l'ves Phila. week days | 4 35 p m |
| " | " Harrisburg " | 7 55 p m |
| " | " arrive Williamsport " | 10 40 p m |
| Rochester Exp. | leaves Phila. w'k d's | 9 20 p m |
| " | " Harrisb'g " | 12 30 a m |
| " | " arrives Williamsp't " | 3 25 a m |
| Williamsp't | " leaves Phila. Sun. only | 2 25 p m |
| " | " Harrisb'g " | 5 25 p m |
| " | " arrives Williamsp't " | 8 35 p m |

EASTWARD.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sea Shore Express | l'ves L Haven w | 7 15 | a m |
| " | " Jersey Shore. " | 7 41 | a m |
| " | " Wms'port " | 8 15 | a m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg " | 11 30 | a m |
| " | " Philadelphia " | 3 00 | a m |
| DAY EX. | leaves Kane week days | 6 30 | a m |
| " | Renovo | 10 20 | a m |
| " | Lock Haven | 11 20 | a m |
| " | Williamsport | 12 30 | p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 3 30 | p m |
| " | Philadelphia | 6 50 | p m |
| ERIE MAIL | leaves Erie daily | 3 25 | p m |
| " | Renovo | 10 45 | p m |
| " | Lock Haven | 11 25 | p m |
| " | Williamsport | 12 25 | p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 3 22 | p m |
| " | Philadelphia | 6 50 | p m |
| EXP. NO. 6 | leaves Erie | 7 25 | a m |
| " | Kane | 11 10 | a m |
| " | leaves Renovo | 4 45 | p m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 10 05 | p m |
| " | Philadelphia | 4 25 | a m |
| WMS'PORT EXP. | lv,s Wms'port | 3 25 | a m |
| " | arrives at Harrisburg | 6 10 | a m |
| " | arrives at Philadelphia | 10 20 | a m |
| Philada. Accom. | leaves Williamsp't | 4 00 | p m |
| " | " Harrisburg | 7 30 | p m |
| " | arrives Philada. at | 10 55 | p m |

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with R. P. & W. N. Y; at Emporium with R. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

ISON Passenger Agent

# Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| SPACE OCCUPIED. | 3m | 6m | 1y |
|---|---|---|---|
| One inch (12 lines this type) | $ 5 | $ 8 | $ 12 |
| Two inches | 7 | 10 | 15 |
| Three inches | 10 | 15 | 20 |
| Four inches | 11 | 17 | 25 |
| Quarter column | 12 | 20 | 30 |
| Half column | 20 | 35 | 55 |
| One column | 35 | 55 | 100 |

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,
S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.

## Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,
R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,
J. E. RICKARDS, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,
J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,
DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,
E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,
WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

| DISTRICT. | NAME. | ADDRESS. |
|---|---|---|
| Bellefonte, N W | W I. Fleming | Bellefonte |
| " S W | J A Aikens | " |
| " W W | S. H. Williams | " |
| Centre Hall boro. | B F Brisbin | Centre Hall |
| Howard " | Robert Cooke Jr. | Howard |
| Milesburg " | John Confer | Milesburg |
| Millheim " | J F Harter | Millheim |
| Philipsburg " | 1 W S S Crissman | Philipsburg |
| " " | 2 Geo Lamb | Philipsburg |
| " " | 3 W Capt Harry Simler | " |
| South Philipsburg boro | M. Stover, Philipsb'g | |
| Unionville " | Riley Pratt | Fleming |
| Benner Twp | Jos. H Marshall | Bellefonte |
| Boggs Twp E P | J M Parker | Roland |
| Boggs Twp W P | C P Stonerode | Milesburg |
| Boggs Twp N P | Jacob Yarnell | Milesburg |
| Burnside Twp | Delon G. Stewart. | Moshannon |
| College Twp E P | Wm Thompson Jr | Lemont |
| College Twp W P | Philip D Foster | State Coll. |
| Curtin " | William Robb | Romola |
| Ferguson Twp E P | Claudius B Hess | Fairbrook |
| Ferguson " J A | Sunday | " |
| Gregg " N P | Isaac Smith | Farmers Mills |
| Geegg " S P | John D Long | Spring Mills |
| Gregg " E P | Jos. K. Bitner. | Penn Hall |
| Haines " E P | Chas Bressler | Fiedler |
| Haines " W P | James P Coburn | Aaronsb'g |
| Half Moon " | Cyrus W Hunter | Stormstown |
| Harris " | Scott Bricker | Boalsburg |
| Howard " | N. G. Fletcher | Howard |
| Huston " | Ira F Davis | Julian |
| Liberty " | D M Burlew | Blanchard |
| Marion " | E P Bennison | Walker |
| Miles " | Ruben Golmen | Wolfs Store |
| Patton " | George F Stevenson | Buffalo Run |
| Penn " | Same Roarick | Coburn |
| Potter Twp N P | Andrew Gregg | Centre Hall |
| Potter " S P | Alexander McCoy | Potters Mills |
| Rush " N P | David Kinkead | Philipsburg |
| Rush " S P | Alexander Miller. | Sandy Ridge |
| SnowShoe E P | Alfred Lucas | SnowShoe |
| SnowShoe W P | John A Yeager | Moshannon |
| Spring Twp N P | John G Dubbs | Bellefonte |
| Spring " S P | M F Riddle | Pleasant Gap |
| Spring " W P | W H Poorman | Bellefonte |
| Taylor " | John Weaver | Port Matilda |
| Union " | B W Shipley | Fleming |
| Walker " | O P Wilson | Hublersburg |
| Worth " | S E. Pringle | Port Matilda |

### THE VETERAN DISCOURSES OF ONE OF THE SOLDIERS OF REVOLUTIONARY FAME.

The death of a venerable lady, Miss Eliza DeHaas, at Bellefonte early in the week at the age of 87 recalls an interesting story in Revolutionary history. Miss DeHaas, according to the press dispatches, was a niece of Benedict Arnold and a granddaughter of General John Philip DeHaas of Revolutionary fame. I presume the deceased lady was a daughter of John Philip DeHaas, the younger, who was long a resident of Clinton county and died at Beech Creek in 1826. The younger DeHaas accompanied his father's command, the First Pennsylvania Battalion, to Canada in 1776, in one of the companies of which he was appointed ensign by General Gates on the 6th of August, in the place of John Low, who has died in the service. Ensign DeHaas was subsequently appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Regiment of the Pennsylvania Line but declined the appointment and retired from the service after the close of the Canada expedition. The career of John Philip DeHaas the elder was more distinguished. He had served under Colonel Boquet as early as 1764 as major in Colonel Turbutt Francis' battalion of Pennsylvania Provincials. Congress gave him the command of the First Pennsylvania Battalion February 22, 1776, in place of Colonel John Bull, against whose election the officers of the regiment united in a "round robin" refusing to serve under him. A part of the battalion took part in the action at Three Rivers. The companies in the battalion were not all brought together until the 16th of June, when they were united at St. John's General Sullivan, writing from Sorel on the 8th, says: "General Arnold has kept DeHaas' detachment dancing between this place and Montreal ever since my arrival." The battalion served with those of St. Clair, Wayne and Irvine as the Second brigade in Gates' army, but returned for reorganization at the close of the year, when it became the Second Pennsylvania, Continental Line. DeHaas was made colonel of the regiment and retained the command only until February 21, 1777, when he was made a brigadier-general. He resigned in 1779 and died in Philadelphia in 1786. Not withstanding his rank and services, the military history of General DeHaas is involved in a great deal of obscurity.

Although I have followed the usual custom and speak of the elder DeHaas as "General DeHaas, of Revolutionary fame," I cannot find that he ever smelled powder. He arrived on the scene too late for the affair at Three Rivers, and notwithstanding he was with the Pennsylvania brigade at Ticonderoga in July and August, 1776, he had the good fortune to escape in part, at least, a very arduous service by being made a member of the court-martial that tried Colonel Moses Hazen upon charges of neglect of duty, waste of public stores at Chambly and cruelty to British prisoners preferred against him by General Arnold. The court snubbed Arnold, rejecting the testimony of his principal witness, and was summarily dissolved by General Gates, who was courting Arnold's influence in his intrigue against Schuyler. It was not long after this that DeHaas returned to Philadelphia to recruit the Second Regiment, and his appointment as a brigadier-general followed a few months later. One of his biographers says he was "among the Pennsylvania troops under Lord Sterling on Long Island," which was manifestly impossible, as not even a hero of Revolutionary fame was able to be on Lake Champlain and Long Island at the same time. There is no evidence that I ever came across that DeHaas ever commanded a brigade, or sought to command one.

Where, then, was Brigadier-General John Philip DeHaas in 1777 and 1778? I know that he sometimes dined at Washington's table at White Plains in August, 1778, but I have never been able to trace him to any distinct command in the army as it was then constituted. My impression is that he was in some way attached to the commissary department. After his return from Canada in December, 1776, he wrote to General Whashington suggesting the establishment of depots in different parts of the country for the purpose of securing and storing fuel for the army. In February, 1777, just after his promotion, he was in Lebanon, where he had previously lived and was justice of the peace on this service. One of his townsmen, John Patton, whose house DeHaas seized as a storehouse for beef, spoke his mind freely on the subject, calling the new brigadier a d——d bullock-driving general, and bitterly denounced those who had made him a general. DeHaas then sent Patton to jail and Patton sued him in the Lancaster County Courts for false imprisonment.

Ensign John Philip DeHaas obtained a leave of absence on the day Gates appointed him to succeed Ensign Low, and he was carried on the rolls as "absent on leave" until he finally retired. The younger DeHaas, who I doubt not was the father of Mrs. Eliza DeHaas, settled on the lands on the west branch of the Susquehanna that had been granted to his father by the proprietors, John and Thomas Penn, for his military services previous to 1768. As to the assertion that Miss DeHaas was a niece of Benedict Arnold, I must say I doubt it. Her mother certainly was not a daughter of Chief Justice Shippen, but the business relations of the DeHaas family with the Grubbs and Yateses of Lancaster county make it possible that there was a strain of Shippen blood in the veins of the venerable lady who has just died.

THE EX-EDITOR IN THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER—AUGUST 24, 1893.

### WUN LUNG.

This is the queer name of a Chinese laundryman in Hartford, but he has probably two lungs, like most of us. Some crying babies seem to have a dozen. Lungs should be sound, or the voice will have a weakly sound. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes strong lungs, drives the cough away, generates good blood, tones the nerves, builds up the human wreck and makes "another man" of him. Nightsweats, blood-spitting, short breath, bronchitis, asthma, and all alarming forerunners of Consumption, are positively cured by this unapproachable remedy. If taken in time, Consumption itself can be baffled.

IT will not suffice to say that the Sherman law is the cause of the present distrust. This game has already been worked by British bondholders and their agents for all there is in it. Aspersions upon the integrity of our currency, or any part of it, will open the doors of the thousands of factories which have been closed against a threatened influx of cheap British manufactures, or return the myriads of idle operatives to profitable employment. *Senator* H. C. HANSBROUGH'S *Letter* to THE New York PRESS.

The standard blood purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's, because Hood's Cures.

## A Rumer Settled.

### Some Said That It Could Not Be Done.

ALL WAITED WITH DEEP INTEREST AND BREATHLESS ANXIETY.

Proved a Mighty and Invincible Conqueror at Last.

A rumor has gained circulation that the well-known Edward T. Feron, Esq., of 507 East 81 St., New York City, was utterly broken down in health, had become unable to attend to his duties and was really in a condition beyond cure.

Over twenty doctors had examined and treated his case, and all were forced to give up and acknowledge that his case was beyond their skill.

Then the remark was made that here was a test case for the great and popular medicine, Dr. Green's Nervura Blood and nerve remedy. It is of course a widely known fact that this wonderful remedy rarely if ever fails to cure, but could even its marvellous curative powers restore health in this most serious case?

The Nervura was used and everybody watched its effects with deep interest and almost breathless anxiety.

We will give Mr. Feron's own version of the affair.

"For five years," he said, "I have been running down, gradually losing my health and strength; at last I got very bad and was troubled with pains in my back and around my heart.

MR. EDWARD T. FERON.

"I could not sleep at night. I grew so weak that I was obliged to stop work.

"I had tried more than twenty doctors, but they could do me no good, so I gave it up as a bad job.

"Then the great medicine, Dr. Green's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, was suggested to me, and I took a bottle of it.

"It made me feel so good that I tried one more, and now, after having taken four bottles I am well and strong again, I sleep soundly every night and can work every day.

"I feel so strong that I can do any hard work without feeling any weariness or pain in my back or side.

"I am at a loss to find words to express my thankfulness and gratitude for this wonderful discovery, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I have told my many friends about its wonderful curative powers, and I would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. I advise people to use it if they want to be cured."

You can get it at any drug store for $1. It is purely vegetable and harmless, and it surely cures. It should be used by all who are ailing, who are weak, tired, nervous, sleepless and run down. It is the best medicine possible to take. It was discovered by Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th St. New York, the most successful specialist in curing chronic and nervous diseases, who can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

### A CURE FOR STAMMERING.

A gentleman who stammered from childhood almost up to manhood gives a very simple remedy for the misfortune. He says: "Go into a room where you will be quiet and alone, get some book that will interest but not excite you and sit down and read two hours aloud to yourself, keeping your teeth together. Do this every two or three days—or once a week if very tiresome—always taking care to read slowly and distinctly, moving the lips but not the teeth. Then, when conversing with others, try to speak as slowly and distinctly as possible and make up your mind that you will not stammer.

"The first result was to make my jaws ache—that is, while I was reading—and the next to make me feel as if something had loosened my talking apparatus, for I could speak with less difficulty immediately. The change was so great that every one who knew me remarked it. I repeated this remedy every five or six days for a month, and then at longer intervals until cured."—New York *Telegram*.

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warner, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

—The members of the United Brethren church, of Bellefonte, were somewhat excited over the report that the West Ward election would be held in their church, but it is explained that the order of court did not contemplate that the election should be held in the church but at some place conveniant thereto.

### LITTLE THINGS THAT TELL.

It is the little things that tell—little brothers for instance, who hide away in the parlor while sister entertains her beau, etc. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are little things that tell. They tell on the liver and tone up the system. So small and yet so effectual, they are rapidly supplanting the old-style pill. An infallible remedy for Sick and Bilious Headaches, Biliousness and Constipation. Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended no discomfort.

### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Camp No. 447, P. O. S. of A., of Bellefonte, passed the following resolutions of respect to the memory of Mrs. Thomas Purdue, of Coleville, who died August 16, 1893:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His allwise providence to remove by death the wife of our much beloved and highly esteemed brother, Thomas Purdue, be it

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to the will of God, who doeth all things well. Rest sister, she has only gone to her rest. She rests from her labors, be it

*Resolved*, That our flag be draped for the period of thirty days in memory of Mrs. Purdue.

*Resolved*, That we help bear our brother's great burden in this sad hour of his bereavement.

JOHN TATE,
LEWIS MILLER,
REUBEN MILLER } Com.

### $100 REWARD. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo., O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

—A cousin of T. C. and C. C. Bell, stone masons, died at Lock Haven last Wednesday. The Lock Haven *Democrat* gives the following account of it: "This morning W. B. Shearer, son of J. T. Shearer, died at 5.15 o'clock at the residence of his father from a complication of diseases. The deceased had been engaged as telegraph operator at Washington, Pa., and became ill several weeks ago. Not improving any he came home last week and grew worse until death relieved him of his sufferings. He is survived by his wife and was 24 years old. The funeral will take place Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock."

### SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

### THE ARMOR WILL CASE.

The Armor Will case occupied the time of the court last week until Thursday afternoon. The jury retired about five o'clock and were in session all night. All kind of rumors were on the street as to how the jury stood. Some said 10 to 2 in favor of the heirs, others said 11 to 1. The next morning the jury came into court for further instructions as they could not agree, standing 6 to 6. The court gave them further instructions and stated that they had plenty of time as court would be in session all week and all the next week. They retired and in about an hour returned with a verdict setting the will aside. What the general public has to do in this matter we do not know, but the verdict seemed to give very general satisfaction.

### OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Are the main-stay of republic. In them are being cultivated the minds which are to be our future lawmakers and leaders in every walk in life. How essential it is that these minds should be united with strong, healthy bodies. So many children suffer from impurities and poisons in the blood that it is a wonder that they ever grow up to be men and women. Many parents cannot find words strong enough to express their gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for its good effect upon their children. Scrofula, salt rheum and other diseases of the blood are effectually and permanently cured by this excellent medicine and the whole being is given strength to resist attacks of disease.

—Last Saturday Mrs. Cleveland, wife of President Cleveland, gave birth to a daughter. Many letters and telegrams have poured in on the president and his lady since this important event occured. This little one will enjoy the distinction of having been born in the White House, an honor perhaps enjoyed by no other living person, at least the child of a president.

### A SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

At Pleasant Gap, at the home of John Brown. Benjamin Gentzell and Mr. Brown were getting ready to go hunting squirrels at half past two o'clock last Monday morning. Mr. Brown had in his hands a gun loaded with shot which in some way became discharged, the shot entering Mr. Gentzell's leg, wounding him quite severely. Roy Brown, a young lad who was also to be one of the hunting party and was standing near, was struck on the feet with some of the shot but they did not penetrate his shoes. Both of the men were very much frightened, but as soon as Brown could collect himself he started to Bellefonte for a doctor and the wounded man was taken home. The shot that did the mischief glanced from a rock where the shot hit. Had the whole charge from the gun hit the man his leg would have been badly lacerated and likely he would have been fatally hurt. It was a fortunate escape.

### HARD TIMES PAST.

The country probably never before experienced such a hard panic with so little general effect on business, and the country has never been in as good condition as it is in to-day. The demand for articles of known purity and quality has been steadily increasing instead of decreasing. So it is with the rye whiskies bottled by Max Klein. The public know that the Silver Age, Duquesne and Bear Creek ryes are the best in the country. They know that doctors recommend them; that as a stimulant they are unsurpassed. They are for sale by all first class hotels and dealers at $1.50, $1.25 and $1.00 per quart respectively. Send for a catalogue of the finest whiskies, wines and liquors in the state, to Max Klein, 82 Federal st., Allegheny, Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Griffith, of Axe Mann, mourn the loss of their little child ten months old by cholera infantum. The funeral took place last Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock. Interment at Union cemetery, Bellefonte. Words are powerless to carry the balm of consolation to the hearts of parents who lose by death the dear child of their hope and love. Only time, the great healer, can assuage the deep sorrow of such a loss.

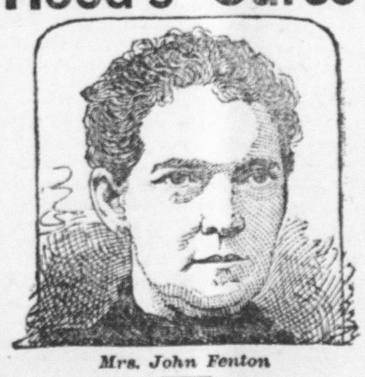
Heart trouble, stomach disorders, nervousness, result from the use of Tobacco and Opium. Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are positive cures. All druggists sell them.

—Mr. John McGinley, who is at all times considered a fine looking fellow, seems to carry his head a little bit higher, and an atmosphere of greater dignity marks his appearance. The cause of the change is the fact that on Monday afternoon last his wife presented him with a sweet little girl baby, and he is trying to imagine how it will sound to be called papa.

—The Reformed church will have a chicken and waffle supper at the Y. M. C. A. rooms next Saturday evening 16th. And all for 35 cents you can get a good supper cheaper than at home and help along a good cause at the same time.

—Mr. R. A. Cassidy, formerly one of the proprietors of *The Gazette*, and mayor of Canton, Ohio, at the present time, visited Bellefonte for the Veteran picnic. He returned to his home last Wednesday.


## Hood's Cures



*Mrs. John Fenton*

**Dyspepsia, Intense Misery**

"No pen can describe the suffering I endured ten years from **Dyspepsia.** I had almost **Given up Hope** of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. **I am entirely cured** and advise anyone suffering from dyspepsia to try

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

**The truth of this statement I am glad to verify at any time."** MRS. JOHN FENTON, 67 Pride Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**Hood's Pills** are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

**The Repair Shop of the Human System is the**

## LIVER.

**If it is Kept Active HEALTH will result IF NOT—DISEASE.**

## Manners

DOUBLE EXTRACT

**SARSAPARILLA**

**Cures Liver Troubles by cleansing the blood Through the Bowels, the Natural Channel, and not through the Skin, thus driving out all Impurities.**

**50¢** PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.
MFG BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO.
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

MRS. ANNIE M. COPELAND

## $1,000.00 Reward!

TO ANY PERSON, WHO WILL PROVE ANY PORTION OF THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT UNTRUE!

## Peabody, Mass., Electrified!

A REAL MIRACLE IN OUR MIDST!

**Only a Skeleton, weighing 45 lbs., now a picture of health weighing 120 lbs!!**

THE CASE OF MRS. ANNIE M. COPELAND, WIFE OF OTIS W. COPELAND, NO. 33 WARREN ST., PEABODY, MASS., IS KNOWN TO THOUSANDS AS **"the Peabody Miracle."** FROM THE **very arms of death** TO **perfect health** IS A **wonderful transition.** LISTEN TO HER STORY:—

One year ago last May I was taken **vomiting,** and every day I grew weaker and weaker, and the vomiting spells increased in frequency and duration, until I would **vomit from 5 to 10 hours** every twenty-four—could not retain any food upon my stomach—was rapidly reduced in flesh **from 100 lbs. to 45 lbs.** My husband could clasp with thumb and finger clear around my arm above my elbow. I suffered terribly with extreme Constipation. We employed **five different Physicians, but they gave me no relief.** One very prominent Physician told my husband Nov. 1st, that **I could not live three weeks,** and every one of my friends thought he told the truth.

One night, the first of January, when I had an extremely hard spell of vomiting having **VOMITED from 7:30 to 9:30** without ceasing, and my friends expecting it was **my last night on earth**—my husband seeing one of your strong testimonials in the *Salem News*, sent a man to the Druggists for a bottle of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. I took a dose; in a few minutes, threw it up; waited a little and took another; **did not vomit again for four days**—then **stopped entirely.** Kept right on taking it according to directions, well diluted with water. My **appetite increased—Constipation ceased.** I gained rapidly. I can now eat anything I wish,

**WEIGH 120 LBS.,**

Enjoy life, and the only thing that worries me is, that I may grow too fleshy, but that don't worry me much.

**Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast Maine.**

**$40.00** Worth of Music for **$1.50**

The New York Musical Echo, the handsomest musical publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever published. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life size portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

MONTHLY, 15 cts.; YEARLY, $1.50 postpaid. Subscribe at once so as to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

New York Musical Echo Co.,
Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

## PIANO Tuning and Repairing.

**J. J. LEJEAL,**

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-tf


ORPHANS' COURT SALE ESTATE OF LUCY ANN ECKLEY. Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre County there will be exposed to public sale on the premises in Huston Township, on Saturday, September 30th, 1893, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, late of Lucy Ann Eckley, situated in said Township of Huston, at Locust Mills, about two miles East of Martha Furnace, bounded and described as follows: on the North by Bald Eagle Creek; on the East by land of Hayes Hartsock's Heirs; on the South by land of Hartsock's Heirs; and on the West by land of Hartsock's Heirs or a road; containing two acres, more or less.

The improvements are a two-story frame dwelling house stable and other out buildings.

TERMS OF SALE: One-half the purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale, and the remaining one-half in one year thereafter. The deferred payment to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

A. A. DALE.
24-35-3t Trustee.


## GOLD INVESTMENT.

**Safe, Sure and Reliable.**

A Gold producing enterprise under the control of men of high standing, widely known in public life and of unquestionable integrity, which guarantees honest, prudent and efficient management.

Data:—Productions during the last two fiscal years, - - $1,328,772
At present available, - - 1,445,030

Send to undersigned, authorized agent for sale of Treasury Stock, for full particulars.

J. T. BAILEY, 56 Broadway, New York
34 4t

**WHEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR,** Chicago, be sure to call at the unique exhibit of

**LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF**

in the northeast part of the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, north aisle, in the Uruguay Department, and get a

**FREE CUP**

of delicious, refreshing

**BEEF TEA**

made from the world-known

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

# Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

Cram stepped back, gave one vigorous kick with a heavy riding-boot, and the frail door flew open with a crash. For a moment the darkness was such that no object could be distinguished within. The negro servant hung back, trembling from some indefinable dread. The captain, his hand on the door-knob, stepped quickly into the gloomy apartment, Pierce close at his heels. A broad, flat-topped desk stood in the center of the room. Some shelves and books were dimly visible

A STIFFENING HUMAN SHAPE.

against the wall. Some of the drawers of the desk were open, and there was a litter of papers on the desk, and others were strewn in the big rattan chair, some on the floor. Two student-lamps could be dimly distinguished, one on the big desk, another on a little reading-table placed not far from the south window, whose blinds, half open, admitted almost the only light that entered the room. With its head near this reading-table and faintly visible, a bamboo lounge stretched its length towards the southward windows, where all was darkness, and something vague and indistinguishable lay extended upon the lounge. Cram marched half-way across the floor, then stopped short, glanced down, stepped quickly to one side, shifting his heavily-booted foot as though to avoid some such muddy pool as those encountered without.

"Take care," he whispered, and motioned warningly to Pierce. "Come here and open these shutters, Alphonse," were the next words. But once again that prolonged, dismal, mournful howl was heard under the south window, and the negro, seized with uncontrollable panic, turned back and clung trembling to the opposite wall.

"Send one of the men for the post surgeon at once, then come back here," said the captain, and Pierce hastened to the gate. As he returned, the west shutters were being thrown open. There was light when he reentered the room, and this was what he saw: On the China matting, running from underneath the sofa, fed by heavy drops from above, a dark wet stain. On the lounge, stretched at full length, a stiffening human shape, a yellow white, parchment-like face above the black clothing, a bluish, half-opened mouth whose yellow teeth showed savagely, a fallen chin and jaw, covered with the gray stubble of unshaved beard, and two staring, sightless, ghastly eyes, fixed and upturned as though in agonized appeal. Stone-dead — murdered, doubtless—all that was left of the little Frenchman, Lascelles.

V.

All that day the storm raged in fury; the levee road was blocked in places by the boughs torn from overhanging trees, and here, there and everywhere turned into a quagmire by the torrents that could find no adequate egress to the northward swamps. For over a mile above the barracks it looked like one vast canal, and by nine o'clock it was utterly impassable. No cars were running on the dilapidated road to the "half-way house," whatever they might be doing beyond. There was only one means of communication between the garrison and the town, and that on horseback along the crest of the levee, and people in the second-story windows of the store and dwelling houses along the other side of the way, driven aloft by the drenched condition of the ground floor, were surprised to see the number of times some Yankee soldier or other made the dismal trip. Cram, with a party of four, was perhaps the first. Before the dripping sentries of the old guard were relieved at nine o'clock every man and woman at the barracks was aware that foul murder had been done during the night, and that old Lascelles, slain by some unknown hand, slashed and hacked in a dozen places, according to the stories afloat, lay in his gloomy old library up the levee road, with a flood already a foot deep wiping out from the grounds about the house all traces of his assailants. Dr. Denslow, in examining the body, found just one deep, downward stab, entering above the upper rib and doubtless reaching the heart—a stab made by a long, straight, sharp, two-edged blade. He had been dead evidently some hours when discovered by Cram, who had now gone to town to warn the authorities, old Brax meantime having taken upon himself the responsibility of placing a guard at the house, with orders to keep Alphonse and his mother in and everybody else out.

It is hardly worth while to waste time on the various theories advanced in the garrison as to the cause and means of the dreadful climax. That Doyle should be away from the post provoked neither comment nor speculation; he was not connected in any way with the tragedy. But the fact that Mr. Waring was absent all night, coupled with the stories of his devotions to madame, was to several minds prima facie evidence that his was the bloody hand that wrought the deed—that he was now a fugitive from justice, and Mme. Lascelles, beyond doubt, the guilty partner of his flight. Everybody knew by this time of their being together much of the morning: how could people help knowing, when Dryden had seen them? In his elegantly jocular way, Dryden was already condoling with Ferry on the probable loss of his Hatfield clothes, and comforting him with the assurance that they always gave a feller a new black suit to be hanged in, so he might get his duds back after all, only they must get Waring first. Jeffers doubtless would have been besieged with questions but for Cram's foresight: his master had ordered him to accompany him to town.

In silence a second time the little party rode away, passing the flooded homestead where lay the murdered man, then, farther on, gazing in mute curiosity at the closed shutters of the premises some infantry satirists had already christened "the dove-cot." What cared they for him or his objectionable helpmate? Still, they could not but note how gloomy and deserted it all appeared, with two feet of water lapping the garden wall. Summoned by his master, Jeffers knuckled his oil-skin hat-brim and pointed out the spot where Mr. Waring stood when he knocked the cabman into the mud, but Jeffers' tongue was tied and his cockney volubility gone. The tracks made by Cram's wagon up the slope were already washed out. Bending forward to dodge the blinding storm, the party pushed along the embankment until at last the avenues and alleys to the right gave proof of better drainage. At Rampart street they separated, Pierce going on to report the tragedy to the police, Cram turning to his right and following the broad thoroughfare another mile, until Jeffers, indicating a big, old-fashioned, broad-galleried southern house standing in the midst of grounds once trim and handsome, but now showing signs of neglect and penury, simply said: "'Ere, sir." And here the party dismounted.

Cram entered the gate and pulled a clanging bell. The door was almost instantly opened by a colored girl, at whose side, with eager joyous face, was the pretty child he had seen so often playing about the Lascelles homestead, and the eager joyous look faded instantly away.

"She t'ink it M'sieur Vareeng who comes to arrive," explained the smiling colored girl.

"Ah! It is Mme. d'Hervilly I wish to see," answered Cram, briefly. "Please take her my card." And, throwing off his dripping rain coat and tossing it to Jeffers, who had followed to the veranda, the captain stepped within the hall and held forth his hands to Nin Nin, begging her to come to him who was so good a friend of Mr. Waring. But she would not. The tears of disappointment were in the dark eyes as the little one turned and ran away. Cram could hear the gentle, soothing tones of the mother striving to console her little one—the one widowed and the other orphaned by the tidings he bore. Even then he noted how musical, how full of rich melody, was that soft Creole voice. And then Mme. d'Hervilly appeared, a stately, dignified, picturesque gentlewoman of perhaps fifty years. She greeted him with punctilious civility, but with manner as distant as her words were few.

"I have come on a trying errand," he began, when she held up a slender, jeweled hand.

"Pardon. Permettez — Mme. Lascelles," she called, and before Cram could find words to interpose, a servant was speeding to summon the very woman he had hoped not to have to see.

"Oh, madam," he murmured low, hurriedly, "I deplore my ignorance. I cannot speak French. Try to understand me. Mr. Lascelles is home, dangerously stricken. I fear the worst. You must tell her."

"'Ome! La bas? C' est impossible."

"It is true," he burst in, for the swish of silken skirt was heard down the long passage. "Il est mort—mort," he whispered, mustering up what little French he knew and then cursing himself for an imbecile.

"Mort! O ciel!" The words came with a shriek of anguish from the lips of the elder woman and were echoed by a scream from beyond. In an instant, wild-eyed, horror-stricken, Emilie Lascelles had sprung up to her tottering mother's side.

"When? What mean you?" she gasped.

"Mme. Lascelles," he sadly spoke, "I had hoped to spare you this, but it is too late now. Mr. Lascelles was found lying on the sofa in his library this morning. He had died hours before, during the night."

And then he had to spring and catch the fainting woman in his arms. She was still moaning and only semi-conscious when the old family doctor and her brother, Pierre d'Hervilly, arrived.

Half an hour later Cram astonished the aids-de-camp and other bored staff officials by appearing at the general loafing room at headquarters. To the chorus of inquiry as to what brought him up in such a storm he made brief reply, and then asked immediately to speak with the adjutant general and Lieut. Reynolds, and, to the disgust and mystification of all the others, he disappeared with these into an adjoining room. There he briefly told the former of the murder, and then asked for a word with the junior.

Reynolds was a character. Tall, handsome and distinguished, he had served throughout the war as a volunteer, doing no end of good work, and getting many a word of praise, but, as all his service was as a staff officer, it was his general who reaped the reward of his labors. He had risen, of course, to the rank of major in the staff in the volunteers, and everybody had prophesied that he would be appointed a major in the adjutant or inspector general's department in the permanent establishment. But there were not enough places by any means, and the few vacancies went to men who knew better how to work for themselves. "Take a lieutenancy now, and we will fix you by and by," was the suggestion, and so it resulted that here he was three years after the war wearing the modest strap of a second lieutenant, doing the duties and accepting the responsibilities of a far higher grade, and being patronized by seniors who were as much his inferiors in rank as they were in ability during the war days. Everybody said it was a shame, and nobody helped to better his lot. He was a man whose counsel was valuable on all manner of subjects. Among other things, he was well versed in all that pertained to the code of honor as it existed in the ante-bellum days,—had himself been "out," and, as was well known, had but recently officiated as second for an officer who had need of his services. He and Waring were friends from the start, and Cram counted on tidings of his absent subaltern in appealing to him. Great, therefore, was his consternation when in reply to his inquiry Reynolds promptly answered that he had neither seen nor heard from Waring in over forty-eight hours. This was a facer.

"What's wrong, Cram?"

"Read that," said the captain, placing a daintily-written note in the aid-de-camp's hand. It was brief but explicit:

"COL. BRAXTON: Twice have I warned you that the attentions of your Lieut. Waring to Mme. Lascelles meant mischief. This morning, under pretense of visiting her mother, she left the house in a cab, but in half an hour was seen driving with Mr. Waring. This has been, as I have reason to know, promptly carried to M. Lascelles by people whom he had employed for the purpose. I could have told you last night that M. Lascelles' friends had notified Lieut. Waring that a duel would be exacted should he be seen with madame again, and now it will certainly come. You have seen fit to scorn my warnings hitherto, the result is on your head."

There was no signature whatever.

"YOU NEED NOT LIE, JEFFERS," HE SAID.

"Who wrote this rot?" asked Reynolds. "It seems to me I've seen that hand before."

"So have I, and pitched the trash into the fire, as I do everything anonymous that comes my way. But Brax says that this is the second or third, and he's worried about it, and thinks there may be truth in the story."

"As to the duel, or as to the devotions to madame?" asked Reynolds, calmly.

"We-ll, both, and we thought you would be most apt to know whether a fight was on. Waring promised to return to the post on taps last night. Instead of that, he is gone—God knows where—and the old man, the reputed challenger, lies dead at his home. Isn't that ugly?"

Reynold's face grew very grave.

"Who last saw Waring, that you know of?"

"My man Jeffers left him on Canal street just after dark last night. He was then going to dine with friends at the St. Charles."

"The Allertons?"

"Yes."

"Then wait till I see the chief, and I'll go with you. Say nothing about this matter yet."

Reynolds was gone but a moment. A little later Cram and the aid were at the St. Charles rotunda, their cards sent up to the Allertons' rooms. Presently down came the bell-boy. Would the gentlemen walk up to the parlor? This was awkward. They wanted to see Allerton himself, and Cram felt morally confident that Miss Flora Gwendolen would be on hand to welcome and chat with so distinguished a looking fellow as Reynolds. There was no help for it, however. It would be possible to draw off the head of the family after a brief call upon the ladies. Just as they were leaving the marble-floored rotunda, a short, swarthy man in "pepper-and-salt" business suit touched Cram on the arm, begged a word, and handed him a card.

"A detective—already?" asked Cram, in surprise.

"I was with the chief when Lieut. Pierce came in to report the matter," was the brief response, "and I came here to see your man. He is reluctant to tell what he knows without your consent. Could you have him leave the horses with your orderly below and come up here a moment?"

"Why, certainly, if you wish; but I can't see why," said Cram, surprised.

"You will see, sir, in a moment."

And then Jeffers, with white, troubled face, appeared, and twisted his wet hat-brim in nervous worriment.

"Now, what do you want of him?" asked Cram:

"Ask him, sir, who was the man who slipped a greenback into his hand at the ladies' entrance last evening. What did he want of him?"

Jeffers turned a greenish yellow. His every impulse was to lie. and the detective saw it.

"You need not lie, Jeffers," he said, very quietly. "It will do no good. I saw the men. I can tell your master who one of them was, and possibly lay my hands on the second when he is wanted; but I want you to tell and to explain what that greenback meant."

Then Jeffers broke down and merely blubbered.

"Hi meant no 'arm, sir. Hi never dreamed there was hanything wrong. 'Twas Mr. Lascelles, sir. 'E said 'e came to thank me for 'elping 'is lady, sir. Then 'e wanted to see Mr. Warink, sir."

"Why didn't you tell me of this before?" demanded the captain, sternly. "You know what happened this morning."

"Hi didn't want to 'ave Mr. Warink suspected, sir," was poor Jeffers' half-tearful explanation, as Mr. Allerton suddenly entered the little hall-way room.

The grave, troubled faces caught his eye at once.

"Is anything wrong?" he inquired, anxiously. "I hope Waring is all right. I tried to induce him not to start, but he said he had promised and must go."

"What time did he leave you, Mr. Allerton?" asked Cram, controling as much as possible the tremor of his voice.

"Soon after the storm broke,—about nine-thirty, I should say. He tried to get a cab earlier, but the drivers wouldn't agree to go down for anything less than a small fortune. Luckily, his Creole friends had a carriage."

"His what?"

"His friends from near the barracks. They were here when we came down into the rotunda to smoke after dinner."

Cram felt his legs and feet grow cold and a chill run up his spine.

"Who were they? Did you catch their names?"

"Only one. I was introduced as they were about to drive away. A little old fellow with elaborate manners—a M. Lascelles."

"And Waring drove away with him?"

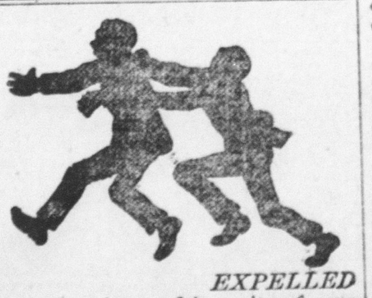
"Yes, with him and one other. Seemed to be a friend of Lascelles. Drove off in a closed carriage with a driver all done up in rubber and oil-skin, who said he perfectly knew the road. Why, what's gone amiss?"

VI.

And all day long the storm beat upon the substantial buildings of the old barracks and flooded the low ground about the sheds and stables. Drills for the infantry were necessarily suspended, several sentries even being taken off their posts. The men clustered in the squad-rooms and listened with more or less credulity to the theories and confirmatory statements of fact as related by the imaginative or loquacious of their number. The majority of the officers gathered under the flaring lamp-lights at the sutler's store and occupied themselves pretty much as did their inferiors in grade, though poker and punch—specialties of Mr. Finkbein, the sutler—lent additional color to the stories in circulation.

From this congress the better element of the commissioned force was absent, the names, nationalities and idiomatic peculiarities of speech of the individual members being identical in most instances with those of their comrades in arms in the ranks. "Brax" had summoned Minor, Lawrence, Kinsey and Dryden to hear what the post surgeon had to say on his return, but cautioned them to keep quiet. As a result of this precaution, the mystery of the situation became redoubled by one o'clock, and was intensified by two, when it was announced that Private Dawson had attempted to break away out of the hospital after a visit from the same doctor in his professional capacity. People were tempted out on their galleries in the driving storm, and colored servants flitted from kitchen to kitchen to gather or dispense new rumors, but nobody knew what to make of it when, soon after two, an orderly rode in from town dripping with mud and wet, delivered a note to the colonel and took one from him to Mr. Ferry, now sole representative of the officers of Battery "X" present for duty. Ferry in return sent the bedraggled horseman on to the battery quarters with an order to the first sergeant, and in about fifteen minutes a sergeant and two men, mounted and each leading a spare horse, appeared under Ferry's gallery, and that officer proceeded to occupy one of the vacant saddles and, followed by his party, went clattering out of the sally-port and splashing over to the levee. Stable call sounded as usual at four o'clock, and, for the first time in the record of that disciplined organization since the devastating hand of yellow jack was laid

Continued next week.

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### CENTRE COUNTY FORESTS.

Professor J. T. Rothrock, of West Chester, botanist to the State forestry commission, has just completed a tour of inspection in the northwest part of Centre county on a tract known as the Boudinot, now held as one of trusts of the city of Philadelphia. It consists of 10,000 acres and is on the whole the best timbered portion of the state he has visited.

In his report Mr. Rothrock will say: "The white pine was largely cut off years ago and so also was the accessible hemlock. There still remains what may be called a primeval forest of hemlock on the mountain gorges facing the front of the west branch of the Susquehanna river. The tract, which has been immeasurably protected for a number of years, is in marked contrast with the region around by its large growth of timber, which towers way above the surrounding forest. One acre was scaled and found to contain almost 10,000 feet board measure of Jack and yellow pine.

"It is probably safe to say that on the entire tract there is not less than 12,000,000 feet of merchantable timber. There is a remarkably thriving growth of young white oak, cherry birch and cucumber trees. The interesting part about this land is that the gentlemen having it in charge are fully impressed with the idea that the time has arrived in which it is better to hold timber which is not fully matured than to cut it. Hence this tract becomes particularly valuable to the state as serving to solve an economic problem and also as furnishing an object lesson in the shape of a real fully developed forest growth.

"It should also be added that as there are no funds available for the purpose of special protection a small rent is received from the Benner Run Association, a sporting club composed principally of Bellefonte sportsmen, which, while having its Summer and Autumn outing, is also actively interested in the game and fish protection of the region. The club has practically built a wire fence around the entire tract and has built two fine club houses. Men are employed the year round to take general care of the tract in such a way as will best serve to aid in the multiplication of the fish, the protection of the game and to guard against forest fires. Under these precautions the streams abound in fish and plenty of deer are in the forest."

### STATE COLLEGE OPENS.

The Pennsylvania State College opened the fall season yesterday with the largest attendance in its history. The Freshman class will number at least eighty, the majority mature and well prepared men. The athletes are enthusiastic over their might and muscle.

The Mining Engineering department opens with men in every class. It evidently fills a want in the community. Every department is manned as never before and there is great enthusiasm and earnestness among teachers and students.

### WATER WORKS AT HOWARD.

Last Monday the Borough of Howard held an election to decide the question whether the borough should or should not incur a debt for the purpose of building water works. The result of the election was 31 against and 53 for the measure, so that Howard will have what it should have had years ago, good water works. The water is to be piped from the mountain stream and springs on the Jacksonville road in Marion township. The only thing about this election that surprises us is that there were any votes at all against the measure. At the present time this town is completely at the mercy of the fire fiend, should he once raise his head in their midst. Nothing but wells, some of them sixty feet deep, to get water from and then the convenience of having pure and healthy water from the mountains to drink in place of the well water that may be pure and may not. Then water works will no doubt be built with water running at the door or in the house. No trouble to get it and no doubt with such force as will carry it to the top of the highest house. This improvement should, and we believe will, increase the value of every property in the town and make Howard a more desirable place in which to live. We are certain that the good people of that town will never regret the result of Monday's election. Now that they are at it we hope that they will keep the improvements ball rolling until they have, as they can, one of the handsomest little towns in the state.

### THE HANDSOMEST OF ALL COINS.

This proud distinction is generally conceded to the United States' twenty-dollar gold piece, a marvel of beauty in design and finish. The loveliest of God's handiwork is a handsome woman, if in the bloom of health; if she is not, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will restore her. Ladies who use this peerless remedy are unanimous in its praise, for it cures those countless ills which are the bane of their sex—irregularities, dragging down pains, inflammation, hysteria, sleeplessness, and the "all-gone" sensations which burden their daily lives. A tonic and nervine, without alcohol.

—Mr. Cyrus Wasson, of Lemont, is certainly the champion potato and tomato raiser. We were shown samples of both vegetables this week and the average of each vegetable was a pound in weight.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has determined that the State bank tax has got to go. The tariff has got to go. Pensions have already gone part way. It only remains for the Democratic party to go after them.

SOMEBODY asks when the political pot boils, does it boil water. Not much.

## A HOMELY HERO.

"Poor Abe Dodge!"

That's what they called him, though he wasn't any poorer than other folks—not so poor as some. How could he be poor, work as he did and steady as he was? Worth a whole grist of such bait as his brother, Ephe Dodge, and yet they never called Ephe poor—whatever worse name they might call him. When Ephe was off at a show in the village, Abe was following the plow, driving a straight furrow, though you wouldn't have thought it to see the way his nose pointed. In winter, when Ephe was taking the girls to singing school or spelling bee or some other foolishness—out till after 9 o'clock at night, like as not—Abe was hanging over the fire holding a book so the light would shine first on one page and then on the other, and he turning his head as he turned the book and reading first with one eye and then with the other.

There, the murder's out. Abe couldn't read with both eyes at once. If Abe looked straight ahead, he couldn't see the furrow nor anything else for that matter. His best friend couldn't say but what Abe Dodge was the crosseyedest cuss that ever was. Why, if you wanted to see Abe you'd stand in front of him, but if you wanted Abe to see you you'd got to stand behind him or pretty near it. Homely! Well, if you mean downright "humbly," that's what he was. When one eye was in use the other was out of sight, all except the white of it. Humbly ain't no name for it. The girls used to say he had to wake up in the night to rest his face, it was so humbly. In school you'd ought to have seen him look down at his copybook. He had to cant his head clear over and cock up his chin till it pointed out of the winder and down the road. You'd really ought to have seen him; you'd have died. Head of the class, too, right along; just as near to the head as Eph was to the foot, and that's sayin a good deal. But to see him at his desk! He looked for all the world like a week old chicken peekin at a tumblebug! And him a grown man, too, for he staid to school winters so long as there was anything more the teacher could teach him. You see there wasn't anything to draw him away; no girl wouldn't look at him. Lucky, too, seein the way he looked.

Well, one term there was a new teacher come—regular high up girl, down from Chicago. As bad luck would have it Abe wasn't at school the first week—hadn't got through his fall work. So she got to know all the scholars, and they was awful tickled with her—everybody always was that knowed her. The first day she come in and saw Abe at his desk she thought he was squirtin for fun, and she upped and laughed right out. Some of the scholars laughed, too, at first, but most of 'em, to do 'em justice, was a feetle took back, young as they was, and cruel by nature. (Young folks is most usually always cruel—don't seem to know no better).

Well, right in the middle of the hush Abe gathered up his books and upped and walked out doors, lookin right ahead of him and consequently seeing the handsome young teacher unbeknown to her.

She was the worst cut up you ever did see, but what could she do or say? Go and tell him she thought he was makin up a face for fun? The girls do say that come noon spell, when she found out about it, she cried—just fairly cried. Then she tried to be awful nice to Abe's ornery brother Ephe, and Ephe he was tickled most to death, but that didn't do Abe any good—Ephe was jest ornery enough to take care that Abe shouldn't get any comfort of it. They do say she sent messages to Abe, and Ephe never delivered them or else twisted 'em so as to make things worse. Mebbe so, mebbe not—Ephe was ornery enough for it.

'Course the schoolmarn she was boardin round, and pretty soon it come time to go to ole man Dodge's, and she went; but no Abe could she ever see. He kept away, and as to meals he never set by, but took a bite off by himself when he could get a chance. ('Course his mother favored him, being he was so cussed unlucky.) Then when the folks was all to bed he'd come in and poke up the fire and peek into his book, but first one side and then the other, same as ever.

Now, what does schoolma'am do but come down one night when she thought he was abed and asleep and catch him unawares. Abe knowed it was her quick as he heard the rustle of her dress, but there wasn't no help for it, so he just covered his crosseyes with his hands and she pitched in. What she said I don't know, Abe never said a word, only told her he didn't blame her, not a mite; he knew she couldn't help it no more than he could. Then she asked him to come back to school, and he answered to please him. After a bit she asked him if he wouldn't come to oblige her, and he said he calculated he was obligin her more by stayin away.

Well come to that she didn't know what to say or do; womanlike she upped and cried, and then she said he hurt her feelings. And the upshot of it was he said he'd come, and they seook hands on it—Abe givin his other hand of course.

Well, Abe kept his word and took up schoolin as if nothin had happened, and such schoolin as there was that winter! I don't believe any regular academy had more learnin and teachin that winter than that what that district school did. Seemed as if all the scholars had turned over a new leaf. Even wild, ornery, no account Ephe Dodge couldn't help but get ahead some—but then he was crazy to get the schoolma'am, and she never paid no attention to him, just went with Abe. Abe was teachin her mathematics, seeing that was the one thing where he knowed than she did—outside of farmin. Folks used to say that if Ephe had Abe's head or Abe had Ephie's face the schoolma'am would have half of the Dodge farm whenever oi, man Dodge got through with it but neither of them did have what the other had, and so there it was you see.

Well, you've heard of Squire Caton of course. Judge Caton they call him since he got to be judge of the supreme court and chief justice at that. Well, he had a farm down there not far from Fox river, and when he was there he was just a plain farmer like the rest of us, though up in Chicago he was a high up lawyer, leader of the bar. Now it so happened that a young doctor named Brainard, Daniel Brainard, had just come to Chicago and was startin in, and Squire Caton was helpin him; gave him desk room in his office and made him known to the folks—Kinzies and Butter-fields and Ogdens and Hamiltons and Arnolds and all of those folks—about all there was in Chicago in those days. Brainard had been to Paris—Paris, France, not Paris, Ills., you understand—and knew all the doctorin there was to know then.

Well, come spring, Squire Caton had Doc Brainard down to visit him, and they shot ducks and geese and prairie chickens, and some wild turkeys and deer too. Game was just swarmin at that time. All the while Caton was doin what law business there was to do, and Brainard thought he ought to be doin some doctorin to keep his hands in, so he asked Caton if there wasn't any cases he could take up—surgery cases especially he hankered after, seein he had more carving tools than you could shake a stick at. He asked him particularly if there wasn't anybody he could treat for "strabismus." The squire hadn't heard of anybody dying of that complaint, but when the doctor explained that strabismus was French for crosseyes he naturally thought of poor Abe Dodge, and the young lawyer was right up on his ear. He smelled the battle afar off, and 'most before you could say Jack Robinson the squire and the doctor were on horseback and down to the Dodge farm, tool chest and all.

Well, it so happened that nobody was at home but Abe and Ephe, and it didn't take but few words before Abe was ready to set right down, then and there, and let anybody do anything he was a mind to with his misfortunate eyes. No, he wouldn't wait till the old folks come home. He didn't want to ask no advice. He wasn't afraid of pain nor of what anybody could do to his eyes—couldn't be made any worse than they were, whatever you did to 'em. Take 'em out and boil 'em and put 'em back if you had a mind to, only go to work. He knew he was of age and he guessed he was master of his own eyes—such as they were.

Well, there wasn't nothing else to do but go ahead. The doctor opened up his killing tools and tried to keep Abe from seeing them; but Abe, he just come right over and peeked at 'em, handled 'em and called 'em "splendid," and so they were, barrin havin them used on your own flesh and blood and bones.

Then they got some cloths and a basin and one thing another and set Abe right down in a chair. (No such thing as chloroform in those days, you'll remember.) And 'Squire Caton was to hold an instrument that spread the eyelid wide open, while Ephe was to hold Abe's head steady. First touch of the lancet and first spurt of blood, and what do you think? That ornery Ephe wilted and fell flat on the floor behind the chair!

"Squire," said Brainard, "step around and hold his head."

"I can hold my own head," says Abe as steady as you please. But Squire Caton he straddled over Ephe and held his head between his arms and the two handles of the eyespreader with his hands.

It was all over in half a minute, and then Abe he leaned forward and shook the blood off his eyelashes and looked straight out of that eye for the first time since he was born. And the first words he said were:

'Thank the Lord! She's mine!"

About that time Ephe he crawled outdoors, sick as a dog, and Abe spoke up. Says he:

"Now for the other eye, doctor."

"Oh," says the doctor, "we'd better take another day for that."

"All right," says Abe, "if your hands are tired of cuttin you can make another job of it. My face ain't tired of bein cut, I can tell you."

"Well, if you're game, I am."

So, if you'll believe me, they just set to work and operated on the other eye. Abe holding his own head as he said he would and the squire holding the spreader. And when it was all done the doctor was for putting a bandage on to keep things quiet till the wounds all healed up, but Abe just begged for one sight at himself, and he stood up and walked over to the clock and looked in the glass and says he:

"So that's the way I look, is it? Shouldn't have known my own face—never saw it before. How long must I keep the bandage on, doctor?

"Oh, if the eyes ain't very sore when you wake up in the morning you can take it off if you'll be careful."

"Wake up! Do you s'pose I can sleep when such a blessing has fallen on me! I'll lay still, but if I forget it or you for one minute this night I'll be so ashamed of myself that it'll wake me right up!"

Then the doctor bound up his eyes, and the poor boy said "Thank God" two or three times, and they could see the tears running down his cheeks from under the cloth. Lord! It was just as pitiful as a broken wing bird!

How about the girl? Well, it was all right for Abe—and all wrong for Ephe—all wrong for Ephe. But that's all past and gone—past and gone. Folks come for miles and miles to see cross eyed Abe with his eyes as straight as a loon's leg. Dr. Brainard was a great man forever after in those parts. Everywhere else, too, by what I heard.

When the doctor and the squire come to go, Abe spoke up, blindfolded as he was, and says he:

"Doc, how much do you charge a feller for savin' his life—making a man out of a poor wreck—doin what he thought never could be done but by dying and goin to kingdom come?"

"Oh," says Doc Brainard, says he, "that ain't what we look at as pay practice. You didn't call me in—I came of myself, as though it was what we call a clinic. If all goes well and you happen to have a barrel of apples to spare, you just send them up to Squire Caton's house in Chicago, and I'll call over and help eat 'em.'

What did Abe say to that? Why, sir, he never said a word, but they do say the tears started out again, out from under the bandage and down his cheeks. But then Abe he had a 5-year-old pet mare he'd raised from a colt—pretty as a picture, kind as a kitten and fast as splint lightning—and next time Doc came down Abe he just slipped out to the barn and brought the mare round and hitched her to the gate post, and when Doc came to be goin, says Abe:

"Don't forget your nag, doctor; she's hitched at the gate."

Well, sir, even then Abe had the hardest kind of a time to get Doc Brainard to take that mare, and when he did ride off leadin her it wasn't half an hour before back she came lickety split. Doc said she broke away from him and put for home, but I always suspected he didn't have no use for a hoss he couldn't sell nor hire out, and couldn't afford to keep in the village—that was what Chicago was then. But come along toward fall Abe he took her right up to town, and then the doctor's practice had growed so much that he was pretty glad to get her, and Abe was glad to have him have her, seeing all that had come to him through havin eyes like other folks—that's the schoolma'am I mean.

How did the schoolma'am take it? Well, it was this way. After the cuttin Abe didn't show up for a few days, till the inflammation got down and he'd had some practice handlin his eyes, so to speak. He just kept himself to himself, enjoyin himself. He'd go round doin the chores, singing so you could hear him a mile. He was always great on singin, Abe was, though ashamed to go to singin school with the rest. Then when the poor boy began to feel like other folks he went right over to where the schoolma'am happened to be boardin round and walked right up to her and took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said:

"Do you know me?"

Well, she kind of smiled and blushed, and then the corners of her mouth pulled down and she pulled one hand away, and, if you believe me, that was the third time that girl cried that season to my certain knowledge, and all for nothin either time!

What did she say? Why, she just said she'd have to begin all over again to get acquainted with Abe. But Ephe's nose was out of joint, and Ephe knowed it as well as anybody, Ephe did. It was Abe's eyes to Ephe's nose.

Married? Oh, yes, of course, and lived on the farm as long as the old folks lived, and afterward, too, Ephe staying right along like the fool he always had been. That feller never did have as much sense as a last year's bird's nest.

Alive yet? Abe? Well, no. Might have been if it hadn't been for Shiloh. When the war broke out, Abe thought he'd ought to go, old as he was, so he went into the Sixth. Maybe you've seen a book written about the captain of Company K of the Sixth. It was Company K he went into—him and Ephe. And he was killed at Shiloh—just as it always seems to happen. He got killed, and his worthless brother come home. Folks thought Ephe would have liked to marry the widow, but Lord! she never had no such an idea! Such bait as he was compared to his brother! She never chirked up to speak of, and now she's dead, too, and Ephe he just toodles round taking care of the children—kind of a he dry nurse. That's about all he ever was good for anyhow.

My name? Oh, my name's Ephraim—Ephe they call me for short, Ephe Dodge. Abe was my brother.—Joseph Kirkland in Louisville Courier-Journal.

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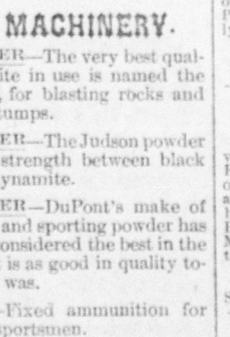


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Mr. Enock Black, swollen with wealth and the pride of accumulation, invited a well authenticated English correspondent of his house to spend Sunday with him t his country seat at Ovington.

The well authenticated correspondent hesitated and suggested other engagements as if he had not adroitly sought the bidding, and then accepted, thus giving to courtesy the zest of the compliment.

Now in their poorest days little Mrs. Black had never dared resist her husband, and prosperity had deadened her with the bludgeon of surprise.

So when Enoch Black announced that his particular friend, Mr. Chauncey Auckland of England, "an out and out swell and a hummer, too," would be down on the morrow, and that they must all "dust pretty lively, for he knew what was what, and no mistake," Mrs. Black faintly smiled—an expression, by the way, as devoid of comfort as a martyr's resignation.

Her husband understood this peculiarity through that intuition which is such an aid of marital infelicity. He straightway grew angry and sought an explosion in argument.

Craving a subject of common interest for disagreement, he found one in the absence of his daughter.

"Where's Emma?" he asked fiercely.

"I don't know," answered her mother, faintly still, but no longer smiling.

"And haven't I told you that you must watch over the child? Don't you know that she is young and foolish, and that designing people know it, and know, too, that in the course of nature she must inherit all the Black wealth? I shouldn't be surprised if she was walking with Frank Maxon this very moment."

"I shouldn't, either," and the faint smile reappeared.

"Well, I won't have it that's flat. I said so once, and that settles it for all times. Oh! I know what you would say in your mulish way. He's an old friend and industrious and talented and all the rest of the twaddle.

"But my daughter! My dollars! Oh, no! It's not a marriage we want; it's an alliance; that's the word; and when you see my friend Auckland, you will see where we can get one. At least, you would, if you could see anything beyond your nose. But no. I've talked and preached——"

And so on, brr—brr—brr—while poor Mrs. Black closed her eyes as one will before the incessant din of a mill. There was a light step, a graceful young arm was thrown protectingly around the matron, and a clear, sweet voice cried: "Why, what's the matter, papa? Are you talking about me?"

There was a hidden flaw in Mr. Black's panoply of conceit which the candid glance of his daughter's eyes could always pierce. Somehow when she looked at him he felt unworthy of his parentage; she was so dainty, so charming, so beautiful, like the first bloom of the arbutus, while he was so rough, so coarse, so uncouth, like the sodden rock which it disdained.

He now twitched and shuffled his feet as he faltered: "We were only wondering where you were."

"Oh, I have been walking with Frank Maxon. He is a good comrade, don't you think?"

"Hum! Perhaps so, as a comrade."

"I wouldn't want him as a groom—I mean as a servant. He is amusing and clever and so fond of mamma."

"Well, well, my child, it's natural, I suppose, that you should remember your old playmate. But keep him in his place. These young sprigs are apt to be presumptuous. You have a position to maintain, you know. What was that French motto you explained to me? Nob—nob——"

"Noblesse oblige?"

"Ah, that's it. That means, I take it, that the possession of stocks and debentures and obligations of all sorts confers a nobility. Now we are rich, remember, very rich."

"Rather, papa, that position imposes lofty principles and noble actions."

"Well, that's what I said, isn't it? Now, in my friend Auckland, who comes to-morrow, you will find one who is your equal in birth, culture and wealth. I know, therefore, that he will appeal to your—ur—higher nature, in a way that no paltry 'good comrade' could."

"We know that I shall hate him, don't we, mamma, dear?" said Emma.

The Black family, with their distinguished guest, lingered over the fruit and coffee of an elaborate dinner the next evening.

Enoch Black had broached his favorite topic of possession, and his friend was meeting him more than half way.

"Oh, yes," said Auckland, "we have in our own family a parure of Golconda stones handed down from that historic ancestor of mine who in Elizabeth's time circumnavigated the globe and burned the fleet of Spanish galleons off Trafalgar. You may have come across the incident in your reading."

"Yes," said Mr. Black, who must have happened upon it in a newspaper then.

"It has been sacredly preserved as an heirloom ever since. Even in the days of Charles I, when our gold and silver ware proclaimed our loyalty from the melting pot, it was untouched. Even after the fine and sequestration resulting from Prince Charlie's rising it was spared by distress. And so, too, would the pearls have been, but unfortunately——"

"Pearls," interrupted Mr. Black. "I think I can match you there, or any one else, for that matter. You must have heard of the great black pearl, so called, not only on account of its hue, but because it had been in our family for many hundreds of years, since the day of—of—Richard the Conquerer, in fact."

"Oh! long before that, papa. Queen Guinevere wore it, you know," said Emma, laughingly.

"Very likely, my dear, very likely. I have a printed catalogue describing it of about that date. My ancestor, who came over in the Mayflower, brought this pearl with him, and without any primogeniture law it has handed down from father to son ever since. Emma, just step to the library and fetch it, there's a good girl. Here's the key.

Now, Mr. Chauncey Auckland, for an Englishman, was very knowing. In exact information regarding "the great Black Pearl" he could give points to its owner. He remembered its sale in Paris, not ten years before, and how all Europe had gossipped about the enormous price which the American parvenu had paid.

He knew, too, where a ready market awaited it without the attendance of any embarrassing questions.

But he was prepared to swallow all the crusaders and knights of the round table with the excellent dinner, in order to get a glimpse of its glory and a hint of its hiding place.

Emma returned with the shagreen case, which her father opened and handed proudly to his guest. The great gem lay in a white satin nest and somberly glowed, like the moon behind a cloud.

Into Aucklaud's little eyes came a responsive glitter which honor never kindled. The sinews of his hands tightened. He had a fortune in his very grasp.

The windows were wide open, and from the brow of the adjacent hill, over which the curtain of night was descending, stretched miles of woodland. Was he not a fool to yield to two frail women and a pudgy old man?

But, no, violence was not a forte. Languor had become a habit and ease a requisite. A night of concealment in the cold, wet brush, surrounded by all manner of creeping things, and followed by days of pursuit! Oh, no!

What he desired he should take, as he always had, but after his own fashion, which left no clew for regaining. He closed the box and returned it to his host.

"It's unique, it's superb!" he exclaimed with unfeigned enthusiasm. "But what a pity that anything so priceless should be so fragile!"

"Fragile!" repeated Enoch, turning pale at the thought. "What do you mean by that? No one is going at it with a [illegible] why, this may have been worn by the Queen of Sheba for aught we know."

"Possibly it was," retorted Auckland, cooly. "But that doesn't affect the mysterious chance which always exists of its destruction. Pearls explode. Didn't you know it. Why, that is what I started to tell you about those rare specimens which once shared with the diamonds the honor of being heirlooms in our family.

"Let me see, was it my great-grandmother? No, my great-great-grandmother, the Lady Catharine, of course.

"It was the eve of the majority ball of her eldest son, Chauncey, whose name I also bear. She went to the secret crypt in the strong room to get the pearls, meet ornaments for such a function.

"She opened the oaken casket, and behold! there, where the milky necklace should lay, was a little gray, feathery ash, and the wire and links. The £20,000 vanished into air. The noble dame gave one despairing shriek and expired."

"You don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Black, sidling uneasily in his chair. "Explode! Why should they? They ain't loaded."

"I hope they don't make a noise or do any damage, father," said little Mrs. Black, meekly.

"No, madame," said Mr. Auckland, turning courteously to the affrighted matron. "The disintegration is sudden, but noiseless. Science has thus far failed to explain its cause, although a good guess is some subtle disease."

"I didn't bargain to buy an explosive disease," said Enoch, ruefully, quite forgetful of Richard the Conqueror and the Mayflower. "Is there nothing one can do to prevent such a flare-up!"

"I would suggest that it be kept in some cool place where there is a slight current of air."

"Then the inner compartment of my ornamental fire-proof etagere safe is hardly the place. Let me see. There's the ormolu desk by the window in the library. The sides are mere lattice work. Here, Emma, my child, just put the pearl in there and bring me the key."

"But father," again ventured poor little Mrs. Black, "burglars."

Mr. Black hated to be called "father" by his wife, for he was her senior by a good many years, and it made him feel them. She was well aware of this aversion, but unable to break the habit from nervousness.

"Nonsense!" he blurted forcibly but inconsequently, "there aren't burglars in these days, and haven't I an electric alarm at every window?"

"Yes, father."

"That's a curious little key," said Mr. Auckland, by way of diversion, on Emma's return. "May I look at it? Thanks. Of foreign manufacture, I presume?"

"Yes, Burmah."

This visit proved so pleasant that Chauncey Auckland repeated it several times during the summer. His devotion to Emma became a subject of neighborly comment, which did not fail to reach the ears of Frank Maxon.

At first he outwardly ignored the gossip, much as he feared, but soon an incident caused him to act with the energy which was his characteristic. He met his lady love one afternoon, and began operations at once, as follows:

"Don't you love me?"

"Why, Frank, you know I do. Why else would I be here?"

"And yet you are going to marry this Englishman. I suppose on account of his wealth."

"Frank, be careful. If you doubt me you will no longer be the man I love, and so I shall no longer love you."

"But your own father told me so. He said that this was an alliance which your affection and his interest made desirable, and he asked me not to be a marplot. Can you wonder that the man that you love doubted?"

"No, dear. Yet you might have trusted. Poor papa! Despite his wonderful executive abilities he is as simple as a child in his weaknesses. This man has studied his weaknesses, and for some reason takes advantage of them."

"I believe he is an impostor, and I shall make it my business to prove him one."

"Why do you still doubt?"

"Because I believe it is my right and duty to shield you from any annoyance and persecution."

Frank Maxon found many suspicions on inquiry. His city friends smiled and shrugged their shoulders when Auckland's name was mentioned.

Perhaps he was all right. He was plausible and gentlemanly, but—well, after all, it was none of their affairs.

Frank Maxon persisted, and his patience was rewarded. He learned that Auckland had no connection with the English house which he claimed to represent. He learned that he had obtained money through this representation. Warily he laid his plans. He was ready to strike.

When to their trysting place came Emma in a whirl of excitement.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "such a misfortune! Poor papa is fairly beside himself."

"Oh, he has discovered, has he? I was just about to inform him."

"Why, how could you know? It's less than a half hour since we found it."

"Didn't I promise you that I would expose his imposture?"

"Frank dear, I don't know what you are talking about. I think it's a shame [illegible] what has 'he' and 'his imposture,' whatever they may mean, to do with our pearl?"

"What pearl?"

"Why, the great black pearl."

"Why, has he stolen it?"

"Oh, dear! There you go again. Now listen, stupid. That famous pearl, of which father has been so proud is ruined, destroyed, a little heap of dust."

"Why, who smashed it?"

"No one; it exploded! Don't interrupt me, sir. You see papa had promised to exhibit it at the loan exhibition. So this noon he took the case from the desk and opened it. And there in place of that lovely gleaming, as I tell you, was a little heap of dust, of feathery ash. Ah, if it had only been stolen, we might recover it."

"It seems to me that I have read of such a casuality, but its happening is so rare as to be almost impossible. You say your father took the pearl from the desk? Didn't he keep such a valuable article in his safe?"

"He used to until Mr. Auckland warned him. Oh, it's such a coincidence! The very same catastrophe happened to an heirloom in his family over 100 years ago. That poor Lady Catharine! Her fate was so tragic!"

"My dear, I don't believe in coincidences. They are an excuse for a lack of reasoning. The only heirlooms this Auckland ever had in his precious family are a noose and a pair of handcuffs. If he predicted such a probability as this it was because he was prepared to make it a certainty. I have only just obtained proofs of his rascality."

"Then he is the 'he' whose 'imposture' you would expose?"

"Yes, dear. Don't you remember?"

"He hasn't troubled me lately, and I've been so happy that I had forgotten."

"Let me think. This great black pearl may prove the talisman of our happiness. Hasten, Emma, to the house and bring me some of that dust."

"I will, oh, I will! You think it isn't destroyed—that he may have stolen it?"

"I am sure—"

"Oh, joy! Papa would do anything for us. And it is to be mine some day—you know when. Wait, wait, I'll be back instantly!"

It was late the following evening that Mr. Chauncey Auckland entered his hotel and sauntered to the desk.

"You sail to-morrow, sir?" said the clerk as he handed him his key. "Well, goodby; a pleasant voyage to you."

Despite his habitual languor, Mr. Auckland started as he opened the door of his room, for the gas was burning brightly, the wardrobes and trunks were in a confusion, and lolling in the easy chair smoking was Frank Maxon.

"What are you doing here?" asked Auckland, fiercely.

Maxon raised his hat from the center table. Underneath lay a revolver, which he leisurely pointed at the Englishman."

"Sit down," he said, and the man sullenly obeyed. He sat for a moment in silence, until he had recovered his self control, and then again asked, but more affably, "What are you doing here?"

"I have been looking for Mr. Black's pearl, but haven't found it. Doubtless you will kindly assist me."

"What preposterous nonsense! Why, he told me this very morning that it had exploded."

"Pardon me. That was a slight mistake. The pearl is all right. It's only your ridiculous story and your career of chicanery that have exploded."

"You can't bully me, sir. I shall ring the bell and have you kicked out."

"You will admit, as a man of acuteness, that I can prevent you if I choose. Well, go ahead. A detective with a warrant is awaiting such a summons."

"You haven't the proof for a warrant."

"For the theft of the pearl? Well, perhaps not. The time has been so short. I have the evidence of your conversation, analysis of the dust in the shagreen box, which turns out to be ground glass, and several false keys and black beards which I just found in your drawer.

"After awhile I can make a case, I think. And there will be plenty of opportunity, for the warrant of which I spoke is for 'obtaining money on false pretenses,' and a score of such charges will succeed it."

Mr. Auckland turned about in his chair and faced his accuser with the tranquil, assured air of a successful business man.

"You have me on the hip," he said. "Now what amicable arrangement can we make!"

"I want that pearl."

"I have an important engagement in London, and I'm booked to sail to-morrow. If I return the gem will you molest me?"

"No. Old Mr. Black is fond of you and very sensitive to ridicule. I would not expose his credulity unless necessary.

"You would best keep papa-in-law under a glass case—for jerked beef, he's very fresh. Well, here it is," and Auckland, with a smile, took the shagreen case from his pocket and displayed its shimmering contents.

"It will be an heirloom," he continued, as Maxon opened the door, "so I fully understand your interest. And I sincerely trust that your good wife may be preserved from the ontoward fate of my great-great-grandmother, Lady Catharine. Good night, sir. I am most pleased to have met you."—*The Strand.*

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THE Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* thinks that the coming campaign in Ohio will necessarily be a campaign of information and of the application of object lessons, the whole of which the people will appreciate. It is fair to presume that partisan lines will not be as broadly and distinctly drawn as in ordinary years. At the outset, therefore, it may be asked: What are the prospects? Governor McKinley represents the Republican party; he stands squarely on the Republican platform, and, in point of fact, he is himself the platform. He is known throughout the nation and also in Europe; he has had wide experience in the Congress of the United States, and is largely the author of the tariff bill which bears his name; he is a Protectionist not solely for protection, but he is for revenue with discriminations in favor of American industries. The tariff may not be perfect in all its parts; man is not perfect, and it would be foolish to claim perfection for the products of a combination of men; the Constitution of the United States was not perfect, it has several times been amended, but the principles on which it was formed have stood the test of time. The Free Traders passed the Walker tariff in 1846; it did not stand the test of time, and James Buchanan, a Democratic President, in 1858 attributed the industrial distress which was then upon the country largely to its provisions and recommended material modifications. The Republican party came into power in 1861, and soon thereafter the principles of Protection were recognized, and under this system the country has prospered in a wonderful degree.


# It Tastes Good

One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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**"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES**

# SAPOLIO

**If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. it's the best. Try it. 50 cents.**

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

## Young Wives

Who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial we offer

## "Mothers Friend"

A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its PAIN, HORROR AND RISK TO LIFE of both mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify.

"I used two bottles of MOTHERS FRIEND with marvelous results, and wish every woman who has to pass through the ordeal of child-birth to know if they will use MOTHERS FRIEND for a few weeks it will rob confinement of *pain* and *suffering*, and *insure safety to life of mother and child*."
MRS. SAM HAMILTON, Montgomery City, Mo.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Book To Mothers mailed free.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE
V23 N27 tf

## Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

## Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

## Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

McCALMONT & CO.

WM SHORTLIDGE, } Business
ROBT. MCCALMONT, } Managers. 24-23-6m

## Your Painter

**has often wasted time and material in trying to obtain a shade of color, and has even resorted to the use of ready mixed paints, the ingredients of which he knew nothing, because of the difficulty in making a shade of color with white lead. This waste can be avoided by the use of National Lead Company's**

## Pure White Lead Tinting Colors

**These tints are a combination of perfectly pure colors, put up in small cans, and prepared so that one pound will tint 25 pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead to the shade shown on the can. By this means you will have the best paint in the world, because made of the best materials—**

## Strictly Pure White Lead

**and pure colors. Insist on having one of the brands of white lead that are standard, manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and known to be strictly pure:**

**"Armstrong & McKelvy"**
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**These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.**

**If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card.**

**NATIONAL LEAD CO.,**
**1 Broadway, New York.**
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**National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

WHITES - - - -

## Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.
24-23-3m

## PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING

R. J. SCHADD & BRO,
Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
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**Clothes** REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED. I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Lyon, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.
CHARLES McCLELLAN.
10-1f.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.
**DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR**
Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.
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FOR 10 1-CENT STAMPS (regular price $5.) your address if received within 30 days will be set (type printed on gummed labels. Only Directory guaranteeing 125,000 customers; from publishers and manufacturers you'll receive, probably, thousands of valuable books, papers, samples, magazines, etc. All free and each parcel with one of your printed address labels pasted thereon. EXTRA! We will also print and prepay postage on 500 of your label addresses to you; which stick on your envelopes, books, etc., to prevent their being lost. J. A. Wagg, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 500 address labels and over **3000 Parcels of Mail.** My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO.,
No. 113 Girard & Frankford Avenues,
24-27-6m Philadelphia, Pa.

# Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.


## Local Department.

—Yesterday Bellefonte defeated Bloomsburg in a six inning game by a score of 3 to 1.

—The corn crop is about all cut off and now the farmers are busy raising their potato crop.

—They have a live Alligator at Charley Rhine's cigar store. It attracts considerable attention.

—Rev. W Foster, of the Pleasant Gap Lutheran church, has resigned his charge to take effect in October.

—There were twenty-six wagons at market last Saturday morning. Everything sold readily at high prices.

—Don't forget to take in "Oh, What a Night?" next Wednesday evening. It is rich, it is great, it is glorious!

—There was a dance at the Bush Arcade last Friday night. Charles Atherton, of State College, furnished the music.

—Howard A, Moore has been appointed postmaster at Howard in place of H. T. Lucas, who held that position for the last four years.

—Mrs. and Mrs. Cal Garret lost by death a six months old child last Sunday morning. The funeral was Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

—Next week will end the River League base ball season; and that Bellefonte will be the honest winners of the pennant there can now be no doubt.

—Lawrence Wian, a late clerk for the firm of Lyon & Co., has purchased the grocery store of Larimer & Co. He says he is going to do business on spot cash.

—Did you ever see Charles A. Loder in "Oh, What a Night?" If not, why not? If you fail to see this show next Wednesday evening you will regret it all winter.

—Emanuel Brown and daughter Jennie started this week for the west to visit friends. They will, while there, take in the World's Fair and be absent several months.

—The Eureka Grocery, next door to Post Office High street is keeping up with the times with a full line of everything in their line. When you want groceries give them a call.

—Clement Dale and wife departed last week on a visit to the World's Fair. Alfred A. Dale is attending to business during his absence and is ready to attend to all clients in an able manner.

—District Attorney W. J. Singer has removed from Howard to Curtin street, into the house owned by Samuel T. Gray. The house is fitted up with all modern improvements and will make Mr. Singer a very elegant home.

—Gramley, the county superintendent of schools, has concluded to hold teacher's institute this year commencing Monday, Dec. 16, so that they can get through in season to take their christmas dinners at home. Good idea.

—Mrs. J. B. G. Kinsloe, wife of the editor of the *Clinton Republican*, died last Saturday. Interment at Wildwood cemetery, Williamsport. Our aged brother has the sympathy of his many friends in this his hour of deep sorrow.

—Mr. and Mrs. Al. Garman, of the famous Garman House, Bellefonte, have been entertaining as guest Mrs. Alice Fox, of Renovo. She left for her home last Monday evening accompanied by Master Ira Garman who will stay about a week.

—Last Friday morning at 2 o'clock Mary D Fulton, infant daughter of Benjamin Fulton, died. The mother of the little one died a few weeks ago, a few days after giving birth to twins, of which Mary was one. The funeral took place last Saturday.

—Misses Rebecca Blanchard and Eleanore Mitchell left last week for Welesley, Mass., where they will enter as students Welesley Female College, which is located in that town. They will pass through the modern Athens (Boston) on their way there.

—Last week Wednesday, Thomas Howley, a clerk in the employ of Jared Harper, was married to Miss Lilla Heverly. Rev. P. McArdle, of the Roman Catholic church, performed the ceremony. The young couple went to housekeeping on Logan street, Bellefonte.

—William Shortlidge and family, of Thomas street, have had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Sterret, of Titusville, for several weeks. The lady returned to her home, starting last Monday evening. She will carry many precious memories of her pleasant visit.

—Fire last Sunday night destroyed the large barn on the Long property at Penn Cave with all its contents, including five head horses, all this year's crop of grain and hay, farm implements, etc. The loss will aggregate five thousand dollars, mostly covered by insurance.

The Coleville Cornet band will hold a festival at their Hall near the Collins Furnace next Saturday evening, 16th. Ice cream, cake, etc. will be served. The proceeds will be devoted to the use of the band. There should be a good turn out, and help the boys along.

### DEATH OF GEN. ROBERT A. MC'COY.

Last Monday morning John P. Harris, cashier of the First National Bank of Bellefonte, received the startling news that Gen. McCoy was dead. He immediately took the morning train for Tyrone. Mr. McCoy had many friends in this town and the sad news of his sudden death caused general sorrow. The Tyrone *Times* gives the following account of the sad affair:

General Robert A. McCoy, of Tyrone, was found in his room last Monday morning unconscious and in a dying condition from a bullet wound inflicted by his own hand, and died three hours later.

The news was soon learned in business circles, and until the noon hour groups of business men were to be seen on the streets discussing the community's bereavement in its sad details, for no one in this vicinity could have passed away leaving more universal regret that General McCoy.

General McCoy resided in a fine house on Logan avenue, having as his housekeeper Mrs. Margaret McNamara. The general retired as usual Sunday night, and nothing unusual about his actions attracted attention. His last business transactions had been of no unusual character, and on Saturday evening he purchased some wearing apparel, thus making it plain that the deed was not long premeditated.

Monday morning Mrs. McNamara went to Mr. McCoy's room and called him. Receiving no response, she again called a little later. At length, becoming alarmed, Mrs. McNamara entered the room, the door being unlocked. One glance was enough to tell her what had happened. She immediately apprised a neighbor, H. D. Morrow, and physicians were hastily summoned. Drs. W. L. Lowrie, J. M. Gemmel, jr, and J. M. Smith responded. They found the General unconscious and dying. At 10.15 life was pronounced extinct. Consciousness had not returned.

#### WOUND IN THE TEMPLE.

The wound, which was in the right temple, had been made by a ball from a 32-calibre revolver. No one heard the report. About 4.30 a. m., the housekeeper heard a noise in the room but she thinks it was not the report of a pistol. The probabilities are, however, that the suicide occurred about that time.

Ill health and brooding over his bereavments undoubtedly led to the act. The general's health had been failing visibly for months, and he was noticed to be especially ill during the past few days. He was troubled greatly with dyspepsia.

There is every indication that General McCoy had fired the shot between 3 and 4 o'clock. He had been in bed but it is not likely that he extinguished the light in the lamp, which was about burned out on his bureau when he was found. From the position in which he lay it was evident that he had stood immediately before the mirror, deliberately placed the revolver to his right temple and fired. The weapon was lying near the bureau. It was a small single action revolver. Before firing the shot, he had drank a bottle of laudanum, as if having made the effort first to end his life without resorting to the revolver.

#### ONLY CAUSE FOR THE DEED.

The only cause for this sad ending of a life most honored is given in a short note he left addressed to T. J. Gates, assistant cashier of the Blair County Banking company. In it he simply stated that if he should not appear at the bank in the morning it should be closed until after his funeral. Then he gave a few minor business instructions to Mr. Gates, and ended the note by writing: "I am weary of life and want to go to join Emma and Robert." In this sentence is undoubtedly the key to the entire sad affair. It was the loss of his beloved wife and son about two years ago, with ill health, that pursuaded him thus to seek relief from the loneliness and cares of this world.

No financial entanglements are in any way connected with his wish to leave this life. His accounts at the bank are in every way as they should be. His outside enterprise and personal business are in no way embarassed and he had in the bank to his individual credit almost $15,000.

#### MEETING OF BANK DIRECTORS.

At noon yesterday a meeting of the bank directors was held and pursuant to the last instructions of the deceased the following notice was posted and the bank closed: "Notice. Owing to the death of General McCoy, this bank will be closed temporarily until after the funeral. By order of the board of directors." Word was immediately sent to his relatives at Harrisburg, a number of them arriving in the afternoon. No definite arrangements have been made for the funeral, but, it is possible, services will be held at his late residence Wednesday evening, and the remains conveyed to Harrisburg on Atlantic express Thursday morning, where they will be laid to rest by the side of his lamented wife and son.

Robert A. McCoy was born in Cambria county, Pa., June 7, 1835, his parents being Hugh and Margaret (Reeder) McCoy. At an early age he was prepared for college, but before completing his collegiate course he entered the office of Johnston & Mullin, of Ebensburg, to study law.

#### ADMITTED TO THE BAR,

He was admitted to the Cambria county bar at June term of court, 1860, and pursued the legal profession about one year, when he enlisted in Company A, Pennsylvania Reserves, in which he served three years. On June 12, 1863, he was commissioned second lieutenant, and was successively promoted to adjutant, major, lieutenant colonel, brevet-colonel, and brevet-brigadier general.

He participated in many of the leading battles, and was for two months held a prisoner at Libby prison. On August 30, 1862, he was wounded at the second Bull Run battle, and remained in a Washington hospital for more than a month. The last days of the war found him amid the fray at the battle of Gettysburg. In June, 1864, he was honorably discharged at Pittsburg.

At Harrisburg, Nov. 29, 1866, General McCoy was united in marriage to Miss Emma Wallace, daughter of W. L. and Elandor (Wigton) Wallace. To this union two sons were born—Wallace Reeder, who died Sept. 30, 1881, and Robert Wallace, whose demise Jan. 3, 1891, while on the brink of manhood, brought sorrow to all who knew the young man, none being more popular in business and social circles.

Mrs. McCoy, who had been an invalid for a number of years, passed away, Feb. 3, 1891.

#### DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

This double bereavement within a few months took from General McCoy all that made life happy to him and cast a gloom over his life which all efforts failed to conceal. His late references to his devoted loved ones have been most sad and affectionate.

Politically, General McCoy has been a Republican, and he has been an earnest and influential member of his party.

In 1864 he served as assistant inspector general of Pennsylvania. He was private secretary to Governor A. G. Curtin, and for a time chief clerk in the land department at Harrisburg.

At the organization of the Blair County Banking company in 1874 he was elected cashier, and has faithfully served in that capacity ever since.

Among the many business enterprises with which he was connected are: President of the Juniata Mining and Manufacturing company, a member of L. S. Hoopes & Co., and the coal firm of Leveright, McCoy & Co.

#### SURVIVORS OF THE DECEASED.

He is survived by five brothers who reside in the west.

He was a member of the Loyal Legion and Union Veteran Legion.

He passes away without a known enemy at the age of 58 years, 3 months and 4 days.

He was a Christian and a faithful member of the First Presbyterian church.

General McCoy was a public spirited and charitable citizen, giving both time and money when the welfare of his town or any needy subject required it. During his years of banking his business methods were most careful, yet justifiably liberal, and this, together with his frequently sought advice has given assistance to many and brought success to numerous business people. Socially, General McCoy was a polished gentleman, and the sad and tragic end of a life so respected, so valuable and so kind has produced a grief never before known in Tyrone's business and social circles.

### FATAL ACCIDENT.

Last Tuesday afternoon E. H. Carr, of Milesburg, with a gentleman who is agent for some city firm, were driving along the road about one mile from Pleasant Gap. They had a two horse rig and were driving along at a smart gait when the poll of the carriage suddenly dropped to the ground checking the vehicle so suddenly that it was thrown on top of the horses. Mr. Carr and his companion were thrown some distance. Mr. Carr was thrown against a fence, striking a post, breaking several ribs and otherwise injuring him internally. His companion was thrown over the fence falling on the ground and was badly bruised but not fatally hurt. Carr was taken in a dying condition to the house of David Bilger, near were the accident occurred, where he expired Wednesday afternoon about two o'clock. He leaves a wife and one son, (Homer a young man about 24 years of age.) He was a man about 63 years old and one of the most active business men of our sister town of Milesburg. His death casts a gloom over the community where he was so lately an active factor in its every day business life. These particulars are all we have been able to learn up to the time of going to press. Mr. Carr was one of the county auditors and a democrat of the school.

### BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

The Board of Trade held a meeting in the arbitration room at the court house last Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. A. S. Garman, F. W. Crider, S. M. Buck and George T. Bush, made valuable suggestions to the Board. In the absence of Clement Dale the regular secretary George Bush acted as sec. pro tem. The Executive committee recommended the following special committees which were approved.

Finance—E. K. Rhoades, E. P. Irvin, John P. Harris.

Manufactures—William Shortlidge, E. C. Humes, Frank McCoy.

Transportation—J. W. Gephart, D. H. Hastings.

Legislation—C. M. Bower, Clement Dale.

Promotion of Trade—James Harris, A. C. Mingle.

Publication—J. C. Meyer, S. D. Ray, R. F. Hunter.

Public Improvements—S. H. Williams, W. B. Rankin, John Olewine.

Protection of Merchants and Manufacturers from Imposture—John Meese, A. S. Garman, J. L. Montgomery.

### PATRONS PICNIC AT CENTRE HALL

The Grangers Picnic will be held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, from September 18 to 23rd.

On Sunday previous to the opening of the Picnic religious services will be held in the auditorium at 10 o'clock a. m. by Rev. Baskerville, of the Presbyterian church. At 3 p. m. preaching by Rev. Minnick, of the Methodist church; at 7-30 in the evening, Rev. Goodling, of the Evangelical church, will conduct religious worship.

On Monday evening the picnic will regularly commence with the following program:

7:20 p. m.—Formal opening of the picnic exhibition by committee. Addresses will be delivered by Mr. I. S. Frain, master of the county grange; Col. James F. Weaver, lecture, and H. N. Hoy, of Bellefonte.

#### TUESDAY, THE 19TH.

9 a. m.—Women's meeting under the auspices of the Women's committee of the State Grange, Mrs. C. W. Roberts, of West Chester, Pa., Presiding.

10 a. m—Addresses by D. William Frear vice director State Agricultural station, and Col. R. H. Thomas, secretary State Grange.

2 p. m.—Addresses by Dr. Jas. Calder, past lecturer Pennsylvania State Grange, Mr. William Benndinger, of Northampton county, and Hon. A. L. Taggart, of Montgomery county.

7:30 p. m.—Dr. Armsby, of State College, will deliver a stereopticon illustrated lecture on the work of the State Agricultural station, and a grand musical will be conducted by Prof. Weaver.

#### WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH.

9:30 a. m.—Public women's meeting conducted by Mrs. Helen Johnson, of Erie.

10 a. m.—Address by J. T. Ailman, lecturer of the State Grange, to be followed by Prof. Ball, of the State Weather Bureau.

1.30 p. m.—Grand temperance rally opened by music by the Bellefonte Prohibition quartette, and an address by Mr. M. Van B. Bennett, the Kansas Cyclone, and others. The meeting will be under the special direction of Rev. John Zeigler, chairman of the Prohibition county committee.

7:30 p. m.—Addresses by the friends of temperance, to be followed by a short stereopticon illustration of the World's Columbian Exposition.

#### THURSDAY, THE 21ST.

9 a. m.—Women's meeting Mrs. Carrie Twing, of New York, will give a short interesting talk.

10 a. m.—Address by Hon Jas. McSparran, of Lancaster, followed by Dr. H. P. Armsby, director of State Agricultural station.

1:30 p. m.—Address by Mrs. Carrie Twing of the New York State Grange, and Senator Brown, of Yerk.

7:30 p. m.—A grand musicale interspersed with choice recitations, followed by a fine stereopticon display of the World's Columbian Fair.

#### FRIDAY, THE 32D.

10 a. m.—Address by Mrs. Carrie Twing, of New York, Hon. James McSparran, of Lancaster and others.

1:30 p. m.—Address by Mrs. Helen Johnson, of Erie, and Hon. Thomas J. Edge, secretary of the State Board of Agriculture.

7:30 p. m.—Grand musical and literary entertainment with stereopticon view.

There are no exercises announced for Saturday, this being the last day when everyone will be making preparation to leave.

The Aaronsburg band will be present during the picnic to furnish music. Col. Amas Mullen, of Bellefonte, will act as chief of police.

### SPECIAL TRAINS TO GRANGER'S PICNIC.

The Granger's picnic and exhibition will be held at Grange Park, near Centre Hall, next week. The complete schedule of trains for next week from Bellefonte to the Park and returning will be as follows:

Leave Bellefonte for Park at 6.20, 6.55, 10.30 a. m., 2.15 and 5.00 p. m.

Leave Park for Bellefonte at 8.09 a. m., 3.30, 4.01, 6.30 and 9.00 p. m.

Leave Coburn for Park at 7.38, 10.57 a. m., 3.20 p. m.

Leave Park for Coburn at 7.06 a. m., 3.01, 6.00, 17.5 p. m.

### A FATAL ACCIDENT.

Last Monday while hunting John Cowher, in crossing a log slipped and fell. The gun was discharged, the contents entering his head, almost blowing the top of his head off. He died immediately without uttering a word. The scene of this sad accident was at the John Harpster place, Worth township, this county. A number of young people had gathered here to hold a picnic, they had a pleasant time and dinner was just over when John and Jesse Cowher, brothers, said they would take their guns and see if they could not get a squirrel or two. They started and when a short distance away saw their game in a tree. John suggested that he would go round and see if he could not get a better shot or scare the game round so his brother could hit it. In going he crossed the log where the fatal fall occurred. He was 21 years old and a bright, promising young man. He had been following teaching for several years. He has a brother in Bellefonte. Of near relatives he leaves a father, three brothers and three sisters, viz., Daniel E., of this place, Jesse and Samuel, at the old home in Worth township. His sisters are Nancy J. married to George Gates; Orilla and Martha at home. His father has been at the Danville Hospital for sometime. His mother has been dead for several years. This was a sad ending to their pleasure party.


Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE


### PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

F W Crider and family, of Linn St, Bellefonte, are enjoying a visit from the Misses Bryner, of Pittsburg.

Mr. J R Muffley, of Philadelphia, was in Bellefonte last Monday. He often visits us and is always welcome.

Daniel Garman started for Williamsport last Monday where he will spend a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Isaac Maitland.

Miss Ella A. Gates, after spending a week very pleasantly with relatives at Lemont, returned to her home in this place on Tuesday.

Francis Speer, city editor of the *Daily Gazette*, is at the World's Fair. He started last Saturday evening and expects to be absent two weeks.

W. Fred Reynolds and wife returned from their bridal tour last Thursday. They will spend a few days at home then will visit the World's Fair.

Mrs. C. C. Shuey made her husband happy by presenting him with a bouncing daughter last Thursday night. The new comer weighed sixteen pounds.

County Treasurer Gramley has gone to the World's Fair. During his absence county commissioner J B Strohm is doing the business of the treasurer's office.

Hon John G Love and W E Gray, Esq., went squirrel hunting last Saturday. They had good luck and brought home about a dozen samples of the game they sought.

Col. D S Dunham was taken sick last Thursday. He was taken home in a buggy. He soon recovered however, and was about the next day apparently as well as usual.

President Judge, J. J. Metzgar, of the Lycoming district, is presiding over Centre [illegible] on duty at Huntingdon, this being the first week of their regular term.

Rev. J. P. Hughes is enjoying a visit from Mrs. David Myerle, formerly Miss Lena Roberts. When Miss Roberts she was a teacher at the Academy and was well liked. She has many friends in this place.

Mr. John T. Jackson, advance agent for Charles A. Loder's "Oh, What a Night" company, made us a pleasant call yesterday. Mr. Jackson is a gentleman in every sense of the word and represents one of the best shows on the road. See it next Wednesday night, September 20th.

### NEW MUSIC.

We have just received from Charles K. Harris, Milwaukee, Wis., the popular author of "After the Ball," a selection of the best music ever received at this office. The selection includes "After the Ball," now being sung by everybody; "Strangers," a pathetic story set to delightful music. There are tears in every line and the sentiment is grand beyond expression. "Is Life Worth the Living," is another song with more or less pathos, but the medley of stories, of which it is composed, are so pretty that it cannot fail to please all lovers of music. "Sitting by the Kitchen Door," is a beautiful, entrancing love story, set to delightful waltz music, and only needs to be heard once to be fully appreciated. "After Nine," is one of the most catchy airs, with appropriate words, it is possible to conceive. It is a song up to the time and will undoubtedly score a big hit during the coming season. All the above pieces are entirely new, most of them not yet having been introduced to the public, but they will be sung by all the leading shows during the winter. The pieces are all set to waltz time and are the best make up of pretty words and music it is possible to obtain. After seeing this music we no longer wonder at Mr. Harris' wonderful popularity as a composer. Either of the above pieces, or as many as desired, can be had for 50 cents each by sending to Mr. Harris, at Milwaukee.

### OH, WHAT A NIGHT!

Charles A. Loder, in "Oh, What a Night!" will be in Bellefonte next Wednesday evening, September 20th. Mr. Loder with his company was in Bellefonte last season and gave a highly satisfactory performance to a large and delighted audience. For this season the play has been entirely re-written, is newly staged, carries new and additional scenery, and is larger and better than ever before. Wherever they have appeared this season crowded houses have greeted them. It can truly be said that this play is one of the most enjoyable on the road. Go and see it, everybody; you'll never regret it.


The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.


### HE IS ALL RIGHT, AND ALWAYS WAS.

Even the character of a true patriot and brave soldier of the republic is not safe against the shafts of malice and scandal. Capt. Henry Stevens, of Halfmoon, was a soldier of two wars and always performed his duty with bravery and true devotion to his country's cause. As a citizen of our county, he has stood first and foremost as a straightforward, honorable, manly man. When chosen to positions of trust he has honestly and faithfully performed his duty without fear or favor. Such a man should have the love and respect of all, but such a man often wins the ill will of the vicious and depraved. In the last two or three years the story has been circulated that he sold out his company at Camp Curtin in 1861. Of course, those who were well acquainted with the man could not believe the story. His old comrades, however, feel that great injustice has been done a brave soldier by the circulation of such a falsehood and over their own signatures brand the story as false in every particular, as follows:

We, the officers and members of the 45th P. V. Regt., do very willingly and most earnestly protest against the erroneous and injurious report which is being unwarrantedly circulated against Captain Harry Stevens, of Co. E, 45th Regt., to the effect that he "sold out" his company while in Camp Curtin, Sept. 1, 1861.

It was at Fortress Monroe that Captain Stevens found his health giving way, caused by disease lurking in his system contracted in the Mexican war, which was the cause of his resignation. The next in command, Lieutenant J. O. Campbell, was elected his successor.

Capt. Stevens had the esteem and respect of the entire command. He has always been a man of sterling integrity in every walk of life.

We therefore unite in refuteing the false charge which is jeopardizing the manhood of as true and brave a soldier as ever drew a sword as was Capt. Stevens, of Co. E, 45th P. V., and utterly deny the charge as unfounded and untrue.

Jas. A. Beaver, Lieut. Col. 45th P. V.
John I. Curtin, Col. 45th P. V.
W. G. Biglow, Capt. Co. C., 45th P. V.
Austin Curtin, Capt. Co. D, 45th P. V.
W. C. Vanvalin, Lieut. Co. U, 45th P.V.
W. H. Levy, Co. E.
I. R. Pheasant, Co. E.
David Love, Co. E.
G. W. Loner, Co. E.
W. H. Musser, 1st Sergt. Co. E, 45th P.V.
Amos Mullen, 1st Sergt. Co. E. 45th P. V.
I. G. Heberling, 1st Sergt Co. E, 45th P.V

—There was a party out at the mansion near Valentine's works last Thursday evening. Among the young men present were Joseph Mitchell, Henry Linn, Edward and Harry Hays and Edgar Burnside, with others, and an equal number of ladies. They had a very pleasant time and about nine o'clock a bounteous supper was served. The time was taken up with dancing and other social amusements. The party broke up at twelve o'clock.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

Anyone knowing of the whereabouts of Jesse S. Swavely formerly of Bellefonte, Pa., will confer a favor by communicating with E. J. Swavely, Snow Shoe, Centre county, Pa. Will our exchanges please copy.

### BASE BALL TO-MORROW.

Go to the Park to-morrow and see the ball game between the Demorests and Bellefonte, the two strongest teams in the River League.

### MARRIED.

WOODRING—ROBINSON—At Port Matilda, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. G. P. Sarvis, Mr. Zenas Woodring and Miss Ella Robinson.

### Bellefonte Markets.

| | |
|---|---|
| Red Wheat, per bushel | $ 62 |
| Mixed wheat per bushel | 60 |
| Buckwheat, new, per bushel | 40 |
| Rye per bushel | 60 |
| Corn (shelled) | 50 |
| Corn (ears) | 45 |
| Oats | 35 |
| Barley | 48 |
| Clovereed, fair to good | 8 40 |
| do prime and extra prime | 9.00 |
| do choice | 9 60 |
| Flour, retail, per barrel | 5.00 |
| Flour, wholesale | 4 40 |
| Hay choice mixed, per ton | 10.00 |
| " prime timothy " " | 11.00 |
| " choice " " " | 12.00 |

### Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apples, dried, per pound | 5 |
| Green apples, per bushel | 80 |
| Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded | 10 |
| Dried Currants, per pound | 10 |
| New Raisins, per pound | 10 — 13 |
| Beans, per quart | 10 |
| Fresh Butter, per pound | 25 |
| Cheese, per pound | 16 |
| Country Hams, per pound | 15 |
| Hams, sugar cured | 18 |
| Shoulders | 17 |
| Breakfast Bacon | 17 |
| Country Bacon | 16 |
| Lard, leaf, per pound | 16 |
| Lard, country, per pound | 12 |
| Eggs, per dozen | 15 |
| Potatoes, per bushel | 85 |
| Dried Beef | 25 |
| Canned Beef, 2 pound can | 25 |
| Country Side, per pound | 10 |
| Canned Tomatoes, per can | 12—15 |
| Canned Corn, per can | 12½—18 |
| Lemons, per dozen | 30 |
| Oranges, per dozen | 40—50 |
| Dried Sweet Corn, per pound | 10 |
| Apple Butter, per gallon | 50 |
| Roller Fleur, per sack | 1 25 |